

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BRADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
David Adams,

PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00.

No. 307.

"UNDER ONE SHAWL."

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

You may talk of your matinees, parties or races,
You may sing as you please of the "afternoon
crawl,"
But there's nothing so pleasant at all of these
places.

As Phoebe and I walking under one shawl.

The stars shining bright in the clear sky above us,
The moon just beginning to light up the way.
The wind blowing sweet with the perfume of clover
Comes over the meadows of newly-mown hay.

We wander along by the banks of the river,
And hear in the woods the poor whippowil's call,
But I feel in my heart that the world cannot sever
My "girle" and I—walking under one shawl.

We whisper so softly the birds cannot hear us.

I look in the eyes of my love so fair,

And wish I could keep her forever and ever,

And envy the breezes that play in her hair.

Those bright happy moments 'tis sweet to remember.

My "girle's" sweet blushes I often recall,

As I told her my love that clear night in September
When walking by moonlight, both under one shawl.

JACK RABBIT.

The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF THE LLAZO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAD CHIEF.

The war-whoop of the Comanches, the defiant shouts of the buffalo-hunters, the shrieks and cries of the terrified women and children, were mingled with the sharp twanging of bowstrings, the ringing crack of two rifles—those in the hands of Don Raymon and his son Pablo. The Comanches come boldly charging down upon the train, confident of an easy victory.

But in an instant there came a sudden and unexpected change.

Loud and clear, prolonged and ringing, high above the mad tumult, came a series of yellings from the vicinity of the rock hills; a war-whoop, but with a different cadence from that of the Comanches.

As though there was magic in the sound, the savages clutched their snorting ponies, the drawn bows relaxed, all eyes were instantly turned toward the new actors in this desert drama.

Riding rapidly toward them, having just debouched from behind a rocky spur, was a party of horsemen arrayed in all the savage panoply of war, gaudy with feathers, plumes and paint, brandishing their long lances, whooping and yelling like demons possessed, as they swayed on their shaggy, fiery ponies, at intervals uttering the wild and peculiar charging cry of the Pawnees.

At their head rode a peculiar figure. He alone of all that band seemed to scorn the aid of tawdry ornaments. A fold of mottled skin around his loins; that was all. His hair hung to his waist, white as the undriven snow, mingling with a beard of patriarchal length. His face, his body and limbs were all painted a deep black—the color of death. The horse he bestrode was a noble one; coal black, fiery, yet under complete control, for it was ridden without aid of blanket, bridle or halter, guided by the pressure of its master's knees, the swaying of his supple body.

As though this strange figure forged to the front a low cry ran through the ranks of the Comanches, a sound almost of terror. A name was mentioned; that of one whose fame was widespread and terrible.

"THE MAD CHIEF—THE MAD CHIEF!"

The past need not be glanced at here. Enough for the present that this man was an outcast—his hand against all men, even as all hands were raised against him, outside of his own band of daring riders. But especially did he seem to be the foe of all Comanches.

His hand had filled their lodges time and again with weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. More than one tried and trusty warrior had secretly left his lodge and people, secretly vowing never to return until he had rid the earth of this terrible scourge. Of them all, not one had returned. Their scalps blackened in the lodge smoke of the Mad Chief.

All this the Comanches knew, and only for a moment did they hesitate. Intense hatred quickly crushed out the temporary sensation of fear, and uttering their defiant war-cry, they charged boldly down upon the yelling waste.

The numbers were nearly equal; if anything the Comanches were a few braves the stronger. And with brandished lances, with arrows ready notched to the taut bowstrings, their eyes glittering, their paint-bedaubed faces all aglow with hatred the most intense, the desert rivals rushed on, eager to meet breast to breast in the mad dance of death.

In amaze the buffalo-hunters lowered their weapons and awaited the result of this unexpected interruption. How would it end? For which side should their wishes be given? Ah! that was hard to decide.

They, too, had recognized that dread being, the Mad Chief, and even at this critical moment a thousand wild tales of his horrible cruelty, his relentless ferocity, flashed across their minds. Not only toward his wild rivals of the desert. There were awesome tales told of the presence of many a silken-haired scalp

in his lodge—of white captives kept for horrible torture. All this and more was remembered during the brief interval of that headlong charge, and the mad, devilish combat that followed.

Yet the buffalo-hunters were powerless. They could not flee. They could only await the result, holding themselves in readiness to do battle with the victor.

Straight ahead rode the Comanches. Few are the savage warriors who can withstand an equal number of the children of the "Queen of the Desert." Yet the Pawnees did not flinch. Headed by that terrible black and white figure, they urged their ponies on at full speed. Nearer and nearer, until scarce two yards of space of open road divided them, until the arrows began to darken the air, until the spellbound spectators held their breath in awful suspense as they awaited the shock.

But then, like magic, the Pawnees divide, veering sharply to the left and right, swooping around the astonished Comanches as though intent only upon reaching the wagon-train.

All save one—the Mad Chief. Straight ahead he rode, brandishing his ponderous, knotted and scalp-decked club, uttering a snarling cry like that of a famished wild beast. Straight on, single-handed, he plunged into the midst of the Comanches, whirling his warrior club around as though a red—yet a red that crushed through bone and muscle like magic.

A fitting pair were they—the madman and his mighty horse. Screaming shrilly, his eyes aglow, his gleaming teeth now bloodstained, trampling the dead and dying into the thirsty blood. Despair had seized upon his heart. Now that death stared him in the face, he found that life was very sweet.

With a last desperate stroke for freedom, he struck one opposing Pawnee from his pony, dexterously avoided a charge of the Mad Chief, and taking advantage of a rift in the struggling mass, urged his mustang on with a hoarse yell, using his blood-dripping knife as a spur.

But it was not written that he should escape. His fate was recorded. The avenger was upon his heels.

With a hoarse, inarticulate cry, a white-bearded, gigantic figure sped after him, mounted upon a mighty yellow steed. The renegade heard that cry, and glanced back with a shudder of fear. His blood-stained, deeply-tanned face turned to a sickly yellow as he saw his pursuer. Though many a long year had passed since their last meeting, he recognized his deadliest enemy. And more—he knew that he himself was known.

Groaning with terror, he urged his jaded, wounded mustang on. But all in vain. The flat had gone forth. The yellow horse gained rapidly. He knew that he must be overtaken, and rendered desperate, he turned and threatened the white-haired giant with his knife.

Laughing hoarsely, the avenger swept aside the weapon, and clutched the wretch by the throat, lifting him from the saddle and holding him, quivering, at arm's length.

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The Mad Chief uttered a fierce snarling cry as the renegade eluded him so adroitly, and as soon as he could clear himself from the press, he dashed on after the fugitive. But another was before him. The big borderer overtook, disarmed and captured the prize, and was holding him, quivering, at arm's length when the Pawnee leader rode up alongside, whirling aloft the huge war-club, intent only upon sacrificing the captive.

But quick as were his actions, those of another were even more rapid. Darting forward at a sharp angle, a bright blood bay passed between the two men, and a small, brown hand dexterously clutched the already descending club, wresting it from the Mad Chief's hand with a power that made the gore-dripping arm fall nerveless to its owner's side.

"Mind your eye, old man Tony!" came a clear, warning cry. "The serpents have fair-

other, and shed blood in each other's cause. But the day came when a woman, fair and lovely as the moonbeams, crossed their trail. Her tongue was soft and musical as the whispering wind toyed with the mountain cedars, but it planted black thoughts and bitter hatred in the heart of one of the brothers. He saw that her love was not for him, and he swore revenge. He had it. Like a coward snake, he, with hired braves, stole upon the happy lover in the night. What did he do? Look!"

At these words Tony Chew flung back his long hair.

"His ears had been cropped close to his head. He opened his mouth. The tongue had been cut or torn out, almost by its roots!

The Pawnees interchanged quick glances, and drew nearer. Not all of them could understand the liquid Spanish, but they could not mistake the meaning of those signs.

"You see," continued Jack Rabbit, his voice growing cold and metallic, "this was the revenge of the false brother; but not all. He believed that he had killed his enemy, and fled, fearing the revenge of man. But with him he carried the moon-eyed woman. The wronged man recovered. He learned that his false brother had joined the snakes, and became a Comanche. From that day he took the trail of blood. Scores of Comanches gave up their lives, when they met him. But never once did he meet the snake who had bitten his heel—never until now!

"Look! yonder are the brothers—the true and the false, White Hair and the Comanche snake. Do you wonder that he refuses to give up his prey?

"And now—see! I am White Hair's brother. We are only two—you are many; but this captive belongs to us, and if you want him, you must first kill us."

With ready cocked revolvers, the strangely-matched comrades faced the Pawnee party.

"No—we will not fight you. The captive belongs by right to White Hair. Only—I ask it as a favor—let not the white snake live to boast of his having shed the blood of men," quickly responded the Pawnee leader.

The big borderer laughed aloud—a horrible, indescribable sound. As the savages observed the look of intense, relentless hatred that overspread his face and shone forth from his eyes, they were satisfied that their utmost wishes would be carried out. Little fear of his letting the renegade escape.

This matter settled, the Mad Chief rode at the head of his braves up to the wagon-train, paying little attention to the half-defiant attitude of the buffalo-hunters, who had, until now, watched the tragic scene with eyes that never for an instant wandered, forgetting all else in the one wild, thrilling death-duel.

The Mad Chief, now as quiet, cool and composed as the youngest of his braves, quickly divined that Don Raymon was the leader of the train, and was soon talking with him upon a friendly footing, questioning the cibolero as to his goods, his desire for a trade, and the like.

Meanwhile Tony Chew and Jack Rabbit had drawn aside, the big borderer having securely bound his captive. The comrades were conversing in low, guarded tones on one side, by the dumb alphabet on the other.

A few words will explain what had occurred, prior to their sudden appearance at the train. In the headlong charge, in the confused hand-to-hand struggle that followed the leap across the barranca, the reckless daring and superior weapons of the pale-faces quickly ensured their victory. Demoralized by the rapid fire from the revolvers, terror-stricken by the fall of so many of their comrades, the few survivors broke and fled. But they were not to escape so easily. Living only for vengeance, the big borderer was not satisfied with his long draught of blood. Urging on his big horse, he followed in hot pursuit. Though not entirely sharing his comrade's feelings, Jack Rabbit was in no wise backward, and half an hour later but two of the Comanches were living. Whether these would have escaped, may be doubted, their ponies were so utterly exhausted, had not the sound of distant fire-arms caught the ears of the plainsmen. The direction told them all. Beyond a doubt the waggon-train, in whose fate one at least of the party had such a powerful interest, had been attacked by the savages. A single interchange of glances was all; then they headed toward the distant rock-hills, urging on their jaded steeds, little recking of the danger into which they might be running.

The comrades parted, Tony Chew leading his captive, cowed and trembling, tied to his horse's tail. Jack Rabbit watched him for a few moments, until he neared the rocky point, then turned as though to enter the half-corral formed by the wagons, where a piercing shriek started him.

His first idea was that another tragedy was at hand—that the first blow had been dealt of a frightful massacre. But the Pawnees were drawn up at a little distance from the caravans, as though awaiting orders. Pressing forward, he soon realized what had occurred.

A rather fleshy, yet still handsome woman, was clinging round the neck of Don Raymon, shrieking aloud for her children. He heard the cibolero call the woman wife.

The Mad Chief stood by, cold and unmoved. The women and children began to flock forth from the carts, and to join their cries with those of the bereaved mother. Don Raymon seemed quite distracted. He called aloud the names of Pablo and Rosina; but echo alone answered.

With a scornful grunt, the Mad Chief strode



Headed by that terrible black and white figure, they urged their ponies on at full speed.

fore, he seemed to bear a charmed life. The blows fell harmless, were shattered or turned aside by a sweep of his war-club, or else severed only the empty air as the well-trained charger leaped aside. But swift and deadly were his replies. Man and horse went down in death before his resistless might.

A scant half-dozen of the Comanches cut their way through the *melee*, and fled, their usually stout hearts turned to ice by the fear of that terrible enemy. Past the wagon-train, unnoticed, almost, by the buffalo-hunters who were breathlessly watching the death-struggle beyond. Away over the sandy waste, forgetting the peril of that waterless desert, thinking only of fleeing from the dread avenger.

Nor, all absorbed in the death-struggle, did any eyes note the progress of two other riders. These, unlike the fleeing Comanches, were thundering down toward the scene of blood, not away from it.

The end was near. One by one the Comanches had fallen. The renegade, whose stout arm laid more than one of his foemen low in the dust, was wounded and faint with loss of blood. Despair had seized upon his heart. Now that death stared him in the face, he could die, if need be, but while a breath of life remained he would defend his captive.

Not for love. No—from it. For years he had sought this man; for nearly a quarter of a century he had known no other object in life than to meet this man face to face. There was a heavy account between them, and now, when the hour for settlement came, this rabble dared to interpose.

Jack Rabbit realized this peril, and, true to the man who had been all in all to him since childhood, he wheeled back and took up his position beside Tony, just as the Pawnees ranged around them, their weapons uplifted, their eyes fixed upon the face of their leader, only awaiting his signal. It was given; but the braves quietly dropped their threatening attitude, though keeping the cordon close around the two pale-faces.

"Who are you that dare come between a chief and his enemy?" haughtily demanded the Pawnee leader.

"We are men who, like you, hate the Comanches," quickly replied Jack Rabbit, speaking like the Mad Chief, in Spanish. "We came here, we fought for you and against the cowardly Comanches. Look! at the girdle of my brother—it hangs thick with the scalps of his enemies. Look again. The hair is all long—the scalps of Comanches alone; there are none of the Pawnee cut there."

"It is so—the words of the young white chief sound well in the ears of his red brother. White Hair is a big brave, and the Pawnees are glad to call him their friend and brother. But look—he holds a snake before him, a snake that crept along in the grass and bit at the bare heels of men. His arm is red with blood. I hear the voices of my dead children calling for vengeance. The voices must be obeyed. The blood must be dried up. The white snake is mine. Let white hair give him up, and all will be bright between us, as it should be with brethren."

In a cold, stony silence the big borderer listened to this speech. Then, when the Mad Chief paused, he turned to Jack Rabbit and spoke rapidly with his fingers.

"Our ears have drunk the words of a mighty chief," said the young plainsman, in a clear, measured tone. "They are words of wisdom, but the cloud is too thick for him to see both sides of the matter. Listen to the words put in my mouth by the fingers of the White Hair."

"Many moons ago—the lifetime of a young brave—there were two men who had been friends and brothers almost from the hour when their eyes first looked on the sun. They had hunted, slept together, fought for each

beyond the trampled space surrounding the clumsy cart, and bent his eyes to the ground. Don Raymon hastened after him, leaving his now swooning wife to the care of the women.

A low cry broke from the father's lips as the chief pointed out several tracks. Among them he recognized those of the horses ridden by his two children. But the others?

"Comanche dogs—they ran away from men, and stole my brother's children. See—it is written here," the chief quietly explained.

The buffalo-hunter stared at the deeply-imprinted tracks with dimmed eyes and swimming brain. He could not understand how it had all occurred, how the brother and sister—Pablo, such a brave, stout lad—could have been captured and carried off without any one of the party hearing an alarm. Yet he could not dispute the evidence.

"My brother is sick, now," said the Mad Chief, in a strangely gentle voice. "Let him go back to his people and get well. My braves are keen and bold. They will take the trail of these cowardly snakes and follow it to the end. They will not return without as many scalps, and will bring back the children of my brother. See—I swear it, by the Great Spirit of the Wolf-children."

Something told the buffalo-hunter that he could trust him.

The chief did not suffer grass to grow under his feet. He selected a dozen of his best warriors and gave them their instructions within hearing of the bereaved father and mother. They were to rescue the young couple at any and all hazards. Without a word they took up the trail at a gallop.

It had already been agreed that the train should keep on around the rock point to the Pawnee camp, where they could trade or hunt at their ease. And though the red sun was setting, they took up their slow march, leaving the scene of bloodshed and death to the gathering vultures and coyotes.

The twilight deepened into night as the cavalcade rounded the spur; and then a simultaneous cry of wonder broke from the lips of both red and white.

A broad, spreading glow fell upon the sandy waste, and lighted up the many-shaped crags. High up the range blazed and crackled a huge bonfire, streaming up around a tall rock. Then came a shrill, piercing scream, followed by another and another. And as the awestricken spectators moved on, they could distinguish a dark form—a human figure writhing in horrible agony upon the rock, striving to burst the bonds that held it to the torture. This, and a tall, white-haired man eagerly feeding the flames, dancing around the funeral-pyre in fiendish glee.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING OF THE DESERT.

ROSINA RAYMON listened with intense interest to the sharp interchange of words between her father and the renegade. There was something in the evil gaze of the white Indian that almost fascinated her—only, with a feeling of utter abhorrence, rather than fear. She wondered that this man dare address such words to her father, who was proud and stately, far beyond his humble profession. And, too, her cheek flushed brightly as she thought of another—were his ears open to the brutal words?

Then came the wild yell of the renegade, the charging cry of his braves, the defiant shouts of the buffalo-hunters, the crackling of fire-arms and sharp twanging of bow-strings.

Of the next few moments, Rosina had but a faint, confused remembrance. She knew that her horse, ever fiery and strong-willed, suddenly became unmanageable, and with a powerful jerk that snapped the bridle-reins, she darted away over the desert with the speed of the wind, utterly beyond its rider's control.

Two of the Comanche braves immediately parted from their comrades and urged their ponies after the flying mustang. If they heard the warning cry that greeted the abrupt appearance of the Mad Chief and his band of Pawnees, it was unheeded. Possibly they prepared less desperate game.

Yet it would have been quite as well had they returned to share the fate of their brethren.

Only one eye among all the train observed the sudden bolting of Rosina's horse. The tumult and excitement of the Comanches' charge deadened her little cry, and the thud of her mustang's hoofs was lost amid the rest.

That eye belonged—not to a lover; but to Pablo Raymon. With warning shout, he spurred after the trio—his idolized sister and the two Comanches, loading his rifle as he rode. Only a boy in years—scarce seventeen, two years younger than Rosina—Pablo had been trained in a hardy school. He had first drawn the breath of life near the center of a vast plain, surrounded by the carcasses of slaughtered buffalo. His cradle had been the rough-jolting carriage, his lullaby the crackling of rifles, the twanging of bowstrings. If ever there was one, he was a born cibolero.

It was without a single thought of personal peril that he pursued the Comanches, nor did he even cast back a single glance to see whether his warning cry had been heeded, whether any of his friends were following his lead. And then, when the company of buffalo-hunters were eagerly watching the movements of the rival bands, the four figures disappeared behind a long sand-hill.

Rosina vainly sought to check the mad flight of her horse, but the fragments of the defective reins were dangling beyond her reach, the mustang's neck was stretched out like that of a racehorse. In vain did she speak to him. Usually so obedient, so prompt to answer her slightest word or gesture, the creature seemed suddenly to have gone mad.

She glanced back over her shoulder. A little cry broke from her lips. Upon the crest of the sand-hill the southern slope she was just descending, two savage figures were just coming into view. The floating hair, the long lances with their scalped-decorated shafts, the nearly nude forms; all these spoke but too plainly. Realizing to the full the peril that threatened her, Rosina no longer sought to check her horse, but patted his steaming neck and urged him on. Better be lost in the desert, better death by starvation and thirst than to fall alive into these hands.

She knew now the cause of her mustang's strange actions. Rankling deep in his hip quivered a feathered shaft, spurring him on, driving him mad with pain. With a strange sinking at her heart she watched the dark blood trickling down the well-shaped leg, leaving a red trail behind them. It was more than should have come from such a wound, unless an important artery had been divided by the cruel barb. If such had been the case, how was it all to end? She shuddered at the thought.

Glimming back she saw that the two savages were further away than at first. Dimly, through the veil of dust, she made out a third horseman, and a wild leaping of her heart told

the thought that found birth there. But how often does romance have to hide its diminished head before sober prose!

"He may come up in time to rescue me," she murmured, half-unconsciously. "Or they may give over the chase as hopeless, unless—and she shuddered again as she glanced back at the rankling arrow and the red stain.

How long would the mustang's strength last under that deadly drain? Already she began to feel—or was it fancy!—that his stride was growing less strong and powerful. Even his stout spirit must give way some time. But would it endure long enough to save its mistress' life?

The sun was sinking in the west, red and glowing. A low bank of clouds was rising in the south. She knew that the night would be dark and starless. If only the mustang could hold out until then—for one short hour more!

A hour—a lifetime!

Slowly but surely the Comanches are gaining upon the fugitive. Jaded though their ponies are, they are able to keep pace with the enfeebled steed. Only for the telltale trail of blood, the savages would have abandoned the pursuit before now. But their wild training teaches them that no horse can live long under such a telling strain. They know that the rare prize must drop into their hands, ere long.

Strange as it may appear, the Comanches were unaware of the fact that a pursuer was at their heels. Upon the soft sand the fall of hoofs were deadened, and only the sound of their own progress was audible. And so eager were they for the rare morsel before them, that not a single backward glance had been thought of. But the time was at hand when their eyes should be opened.

Pablo Raymon pressed the pursuit with all the ardor of youth, but unfortunately for him he was mounted upon a mustang formed more for its endurance and its thorough training for buffalo-running than for speed. For a time he barely held his own with the Comanches, but then, a mile after mile was traversed in that triple race, the steel muscles of his "cibolo pongo" began to tell, and inch by inch, foot by foot, he gained upon the enemy, until in the darkening twilight, he could almost count the gaudy feathers in the Comanches' hair. His trusty rifle was lying across his thighs, ready for use. His bow was ready strung; a couple of arrows were lying along the saddle, beneath his thigh, the notched ends convenient to his hand.

The long chase had given his young blood time to cool, while it rendered his determination even more fixed. The odds were long ones for a mere boy to encounter, yet he felt no fear as to the result; he would not have been Felipe Raymon's son else.

The red globe of fire sunk beneath the horizon. Clearly outlined against the crimson sky, the Comanches presented a perfect target, and feeling within distance no longer dreading that the brightness of the sunset would render his aim uncertain, Pablo dropped the bridle-reins and raised his short, heavy rifle.

His well-trained mustang perfectly understood the movement, and instantly slackening its pace, dropped into a low, peculiar run, almost brushing the deep sand with its shaggy belly. From its back, just then an aim could be secured as certainly as from a gently-sailing balloon. Sharp and clear rang out the rifle-shot, and bursting through the flame-tinted smoke, Pablo saw that his aim had not been erring. With the shrill, unearthly death-shriek of his race, the rearmost Comanche flung aloft his arms and fell headlong from his mustang's back, tearing and biting the hot sand in his last agonized throes.

A cry of wondering alarm broke from the survivor's lips. The awakening had been so sudden and unexpected. It seemed as though the armed horseman had sprung up from the very earth. And a superstitious terror for the moment totally unversed him.

But then, as Pablo, with a clear, ringing shout, urged his pony forward, fitting an arrow to the taut sinews, self-preservation conquered superstition, and the Comanche hastily prepared his bow.

But the momentary delay had been fatal. With a prolonged echo, the cibolero's bow-string twanged twice in rapid succession, and literally spitted upon the feathered shafts, the Comanche sunk upon his pony's neck, thundering away over the desert, a dead man, followed by the other mustang, snorting and whickering with alarm.

Pablo had no further thought of them. He only saw his sister, only a few hundred yards beyond. Even in the delirious excitement of his victory, the youth could but wonder at the strangely unsteady movements of the once matchless mustang. The race had been a long and hard one, yet surely it could not have so completely exhausted—ha!

With one last struggle, the noble creature darted forward for an hundred yards or more, then fell in a heap, dead. The blood burst from its mouth and nostrils. Its race was run.

Anticipating the end of this spasmodic burst, Rosina freed her feet from the stirrups and ailed clear of the dying animal. Just then an encouraging shout came to her ears, and with a yearning cry, she turned, with outstretched arms. The next moment Pablo clasped her to his breast, covering her flushed cheeks with tender kisses, little dreaming what caused that burning blush.

Pablo was very dear to his sister's heart; but he was not the face she expected, and for a moment her heart grew sick within her as she asked what of their friends.

"You know as much as I, little one," laughed Pablo, with youth's lightheartedness. "I thought only of my runaway sister, and did not stop to say goodbye to the rest. But be at ease. Our father is there, and he has twenty men, who are equal to twice their number of these naked heathen, not to speak of the slaves, who will fight well, under his eye."

"But he—he may have got hurt," faltered Rosina.

"Holy Mother, deny it!" said Pablo, fervently. "Come, sister, don't borrow trouble; we have our hands full, as it is."

In good truth, their situation was anything but comfortable or pleasant. Far from friends, upon the desert, many miles from any recognized trail, one of them dismounted, the night upon them, and a wind storm coming on.

Only for this last, the enigma would be easily solved. A slightly uncomfortable night would be all. Then, when the light of day once more spread over the desert, a far less experienced eye than that of the young cibolero would find no difficulty in following back the deeply imprinted spur of the triple race. But the black, rapidly spreading cloud-bank in the south spoke of such a storm—a furious burst of wind such as changes the entire topography of the desert over which it sweeps, leveling sand hills only to raise another where, but an hour before, lay long, deep hollows. Slight traces of a trail would be left when that storm subsided.

A wife will hardly ever notice whether her husband has had his haircut or not, but let him go home with a strange hairpin sticking in his overcoat and she'll see it before he reaches the gate.

"You think there is danger, then?" asked Rosina, quick to notice the change in her brother's tones.

"Nothing very serious, I dare say. As you see, a storm is coming up, the stars will be hidden, so that we will have to use our judgment in laying our course. But come; they will be anxious about us, if we are much longer away."

Rosina, after a sorrowful word and parting caress for the dead mustang who had given its life to preserve hers, lightly mounted Pablo's "pongo," and they took up their weary march over the rapidly cooling sands, the young buffalo-hunter walking beside Rosina's bride-rein. He had carefully laid their course, by the last gleam of day, and sought to keep from straying by stooping and feeling for the deeply-imprinted trail at every few rods.

For a time this answered. Then the wind began to blow strongly from the south. Pablo laughed shortly as the keen blast struck them. The dreaded enemy might be made a servant, a guide.

"See! what we feared may be a blessing, in disguise," he cried, exultantly. "The wind comes from the south; good! Then we have only to keep it on our right shoulder. We will be with our friends before day dawn, after all, little one."

The words cheered Rosina, and though the high wind, roaring over that vast, treeless waste, bore upon its wings clouds of sharp, stinging particles of sand, the journey was resumed with far more cheerfulness than before.

Their progress was slow and toilsome. The darkness was intense. Though so close together, neither of the young people could distinguish the other form. The wind was fierce and hard to bear up against, growing cold and colder every moment, until the lightly clad Rosina shivered and trembled in the saddle, fearing to speak lest Pablo should discover what she was suffering. The exertion of walking kept him from feeling the cold. Besides, he was partially protected by the mustang's body.

Hour after hour they plodded on. A cruel, choking thirst now assailed them, covered by the sand-burdened air. Their throats were parched, their lips cracked and bleeding. Each minute their torture increased. Yet not a murmur parted their lips. Trained in a stern school, they were seldom guilty of idle complaining.

Hour after hour of that weary, exhausting toil, only endurable because they anticipated soon discovering the camp-fires of the buffalo-hunters. Ah! had they only known. Had those black clouds only parted enough to give a glimpse of the bright stars—one gleam would have sufficed for the young desert-born.

He would have realized then, how treacherous and fickle was their guide, how uncertain their dependence in the wind. Gradually, imperceptibly the wind had veered around until now it blew almost directly from the east. And so, still keeping the storm bearing upon their right shoulders, the wanderers were now heading nearly due north, straying further and further from the right track. Well enough that they did not realize this, else, despite their stout hearts, they might well have given way—and lain down in the desert, to die.

Still on they plodded through the black night, Rosina almost senseless from cold. For hours neither had spoken. The storm still raged with unabating force. All at once the mustang grew uneasy and restless. In vain Pablo sought to quiet him. Then, with one wild snort, the animal jerked its head loose, and whickering shrilly, was swallowed up in the intense darkness.

For a moment Pablo stood as though petrified; then, with a loud cry of terror, he sprang forward, running swiftly for a few moments. Then he stopped, bewildered, confused. He beat his ears; all was still, save the dull roar of the tempest. Whither had his horse fled? Not a sound came to guide him. And the cold, sickening terror pressed down upon his heart.

It seemed the work of some evil spirit, this sudden disappearance. Where should he look, which way turn? He felt so helpless in that black night. The intense darkness, this gloom that could almost be felt, weighed him down. And thus helpless he stood for several minutes.

Ha! that sound! Was it a cry? Fully aroused, Pablo raised his voice and shouted aloud. Faint and feeble the words came. It was the voice of Rosina. Leaping forward he clutched her to his breast, as she fully arose from the sand. Half-frozen, she had fallen from the saddle.

A moment later there came a shrill, joyous neigh, followed by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, then the whimpering mustang thrust its cold, dripping muzzle against Pablo's cheek.

A cry of joy broke from the young man's lips as he realized the truth. The sanguine brute had scented the presence of water; even while they were unconsciously skirting a desert island, and when the keen blast bore the delicious scent fairly to his nostrils, mad thirst conquered all discipline. But now, its thirst appealed, the faithful creature returned to its allegiance.

Five minutes later brother and sister were riding in the grateful shelter of the wooded island, their thirst appeased, a delicious languor stealing over them.

They started to their feet in terror. The mustang snorted loudly, then crouched down, quivering in every limb.

Through the night, echoing even above the wild howling of the tempest, came a terrible yet strangely musical note—the cry of the jaguar—that dread king of the desert!

Then, with an energy born of their peril, Pablo gathered a handful of leaves and used his flint and steel. The tinder caught; the leaves were ignited and carefully fed until the larger twigs blazed brightly, slowly but surely igniting the heavy sticks of wood.

Carefully looking to his rifle, Pablo crouched down before Rosina, the mustang cowering close beside them. The roar was no longer heard. Instead, came a deep, not unmusical moaning or purring sound. Slowly their eyes move round in a circle. Their strained hearing can just distinguish the velvet tread of the tiger as he circles around the prey he has seized.

Then even this sound ceases. From beyond the circle of light, beneath a scrubby bush, gleam two phosphorescent globes of fire. The tiger is glaring out upon its victims.

Pablo slowly levels his rifle. Yet he hesitates to fire. To miss means death, sudden and terrible.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 306.)

A wife will hardly ever notice whether her husband has had his haircut or not, but let him go home with a strange hairpin sticking in his overcoat and she'll see it before he reaches the gate.

THY VOICE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Thy voice is like a silver lute
Whose strings are stirred with song,
But often it would fain be mute
When I for music long.

Oh, like a lute its notes can trill
A lark's song, or a doth full,

It is thine only boon.

And oft it sings a plaintive air,
Each cadence seems to fall,

Like a doleful wail of care,

Touching the hearts of all.

Thy voice is like a silver lute
Which a power awakes,

If 'tis not asked, remakes 'twil mute,

From which no murmur breaks.

The lute will breathe whatever strains

The fingers lightly touch;

The music in each string remains

Though it is silent much.

Thy voice is like a tuneful string

By heart emotions thrill,

A sad or merry song 'twill sing,

there will be no attempt on my part to repeat any romantic scenes."

Lexington caught her wrist in his grip as she essayed to pass him.

"You insist on denying to me the name of your lover?"

She smiled at the blaze of wrath in his eyes—smiled, from very stoniness of despair.

"I would, indeed, be lacking in all the disgraceful *finesse* you have so freely accused me of if I divulged the name of the writer of that letter."

Lexington muttered an indistinct imprecation as he relaxed his hold.

"Guard your infamous secret as well as you can, Mrs. Lexington; remember I shall be eternally on guard over you; and, when I find who he is—this lover whose name you so loyally hide from me—you will hear from me. Be so good—and he bowed so profoundly that the salutation was the very embodiment of scorn, "as to excuse my absence from dinner."

He went out, into his own apartments.

Georgia sat silent, her face whitening, her hands pressed firmly over her heart. Then—the delayed dinner was announced, and she was forced to go down, in horrid mockery, and do the honors.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Pacific Pete,

The Prince of the Revolver.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

OLD BUSINESS saw that the time was not ripe for his story, and, with a desperate effort, regained his wonted composure. He silently bent over Eli Brand and thrust the gag once more between his aching, bleeding jaws, binding it securely into place, then, in a cold, dry tone, he spoke to Mark.

"It's nearly time we were taking the trail. There's no safety for either of you stopping in these parts. Before this Pike will have done his errand and will be on the road here. It will save both time and trouble if we go to meet him."

"And you?" hesitated Mark, with a side glance toward the prisoner.

"Will accompany you—at least until she is bound all risk. After that—well, if we live, we'll learn."

In silence Old Business cooked some bacon and made a pot of coffee, of which he partook heartily, though neither Edna nor Mark betrayed much hunger. Then, after a brief scout around the premises, the trailer mentioned the lovers to follow them, and they were gradually swallowed up in the darkness.

They trudged on through the night, halting only once to afford Edna a moment's rest. Fatigue seemed to pass them by, unrecognized. Edna and Mark dreaming of love; the trader was busy with the past.

The sun had scarcely risen when they met a strong body of men, mounted and on foot, among the foremost of whom rode Lafe Pike. The greeting seemed warm between the two gray-haired men; but the trailer's voice sounded hard and cold as he answered the eager, appealing look.

"Yes, I'll show you your daughter. You have my word." Then turning to the leader of the posse: "You see, old man, I've kept my word, and all you'll have to do is to bag the game I've corralled. But now—do me a favor. Send a couple of men back with these young folks, to Wild Cat. It's hard to lose the fun, I know, but I'll pay them ten ounces apiece, besides giving them my share of the plunder."

Terms so liberal were not long in being accepted, and then the quartette rode away toward Wild Cat. Edna glanced back, and seemed about to speak, but something in the cold, stern face of the avenger repelled her, and the words died away upon her lips.

A rapid march of several hours brought the party within a mile of the mountain cavern, when, at the suggestion of Old Business, they halted long enough to overhaul their weapons and put everything in order for a deadly, relentless struggle when the conquered must die, without hope of quarters. Then they moved on until the top of the hollow hill could be seen, when the trailer volunteered to spy out the ground, and learn, if possible, whether the outlaws suspected their presence in force.

As Old Business glided forward he was not a little surprised to find that Lafe Pike kept him close company. In vain he motioned him back.

"You promised to show me my child," was the dogged reply. "If they kill you, you can't—I'm going along to fight for you if they discover you."

Silently they crept along, nearing the cavern. All was still. Not a sign of human life could be seen. The place seemed deserted. A sickening dread filled the trailer's heart. Had his game fled, just as his hand was ready to close upon it? The thought was well-nigh maddening, and it caused him to forget the stealthy caution thus far observed, in his eagerness to solve the question.

He was just climbing upon the edge when a lithe figure sprang out from the cavern and fired two swiftly-successing shots, at the same time uttering a shrill yell of taunting triumph. The trailer flung up his arms and fell heavily backward, bearing Pike down with him, covering him with his blood as they rolled rapidly down the steep incline.

Laughing sharply, the marksman sprung to the edge of the rocky platform and peered eagerly downward. His face was ghastly white, his black eyes were glaring with an almost insane fire. In that moment Pacific Pete seemed a demon of vengeance rather than a mortal being.

He saw one of the figures stagger to his feet, brushing the blood and dirt from his eyes, then stoop and lift the limp, senseless form of the other in his arms. It was Lafe Pike endeavoring to carry Old Business away from the spot of death.

Again that shrill, mocking laugh was blended with a sharp report as the deadly revolver spoke again, and as the blue smoke-wreath lifted upon the air, two figures were visible lying across a small bowlder, their life-blood trickling down and mingling in one dark pool.

Then Pacific Pete vanished. The hill again seemed deserted.

With the first shot the sheriff and his posse started forward at the double-quick, breaking into a full run as they witnessed the shot that carried death to poor Pike. All thought of prudence was cast to the winds. Burning with a wild lust for vengeance, those hardy men scaled the hill, climbed over the rock ledge, and dashed at the cave entrance. A withering sheet of flame-tinged smoke poured out into their very faces, carrying death upon

its leaden wings, but not even such a warm reception could check their ardor. Clearing the way with a storm of pistol bullets, they plunged recklessly into the dark cavern.

Of the fight that followed but little can be said. All details were swallowed up by the gloom. Outnumbered by more than two to one, the outlaws fought desperately, their perfect knowledge of the interior nearly equalizing the contest.

The coolest, most deliberate of all, was Pacific Pete. He quietly avoided all personal collision, contenting himself with picking off the foremost of his enemies from a safe point. Few, indeed, were the shots he wasted. Wherever his revolver pointed, there death or disability quickly followed. More than once his shots were answered, some keen-eyed marksman firing at the chest, but the outlaw leader seemed to bear a charmed life, though more than once he staggered back for a moment, as though struck.

All at once the outlaw chief seemed seized with a mortal fear. A low cry parted his lips, the smoking weapon fell from his hand, his face showed ghastly pale in the flickering, uncertain light of the dying fire. And then—the form of Pacific Pete melted away in the gloom, leaving his men to baffle with their stern, relentless foes as best they might, no longer sustained by his presence, and deadly hand.

The darkness, as he fled, was momentarily lighted up by a pistol-shot, and a sharp cry broke from the outlaw's lips as he staggered and almost fell. Yet, the next moment his pistol echoed forth the death knell of Juan Carrera; for he was the skulker who had fired the shot, while recognizing the one who had so haughtily acted the master over him, or, in his terror, believing the shadowy figure that of an avenging *vigilante*, can only be surmised.

With a wavering step, struggling against a strange lassitude; with a low, weird ring in his ears and a heavy weight compressing his brain—against these the outlaw chief struggled with the indomitable will of old. And through the darkness, guided only by habit, the strange, deathly sickness creeping up, growing stronger and more choking with every moment; still on, though above the shuffling tread of his heavy feet upon the hard, rocky floor, there could be distinguished a faint, patterning sound—the sound of falling blood.

His head turned, and as he glanced back, a strange, phosphorescent fire filled his eyes, until they shone and glared like the orbs of some wild beast. Incoherent mutterings broke from his lips. With his blood-stained hands he motioned back—what?

Only in fancy was he pursued. And yet to him these spectral forms were more terrible than reality. The sins of a lifetime were haunting him—the victims of a wild, blood-stained, reckless life, were trooping at his heels in ghastly array, gibbering and mocking at him, stretching out their long arms to grasp him, a stern, relentless vengeance written upon every lineament.

Shrieking aloud in his terror, Pacific Pete fled through the darkness, guided by instinct rather than reason, marking his trail with a long line of blood, each mad bound shortening his lease of life, pumping the hot life-blood in strong jets from the round bullet-wound.

Entering the small chamber where Mark Austin had first wakened to captivity, the madman sprang through the curtain and dropped into the pit beyond. The rock-door still remained open, just as Old Business and his nephew had left it. And still followed by the accusing phantoms, Pacific Pete hurried through the tunnel.

His voice was stilled now. No sound came from his parched throat. His breath came hot and quick. His brain seemed on fire, and the low, weird singing in his ears grew louder and louder, until now it seemed the deep, deep roll of thunder.

Yet he reached the end of the tunnel, and with the last effort of an overtasked frame, flung the concealed trap-door open. Then he drooped forward, lying half out of the opening, like a dead man, never recognizing the tall, blood-stained figure standing before him, as though watching for his appearance.

Stooping, Old Business dragged the limp form out of the tunnel, then, raising it in his arms with as much apparent ease as though it had been the body of an infant, he strode rapidly away. Down the valley, round the hill point, then, bending his way toward the main entrance of the outlaw's retreat, the avenger paused only when he reached the foot of the steep trail.

The motionless form of a man lay there, propped against a bowlder. Only for the faintly-moving eyes, one would have thought him a dead man; yet Lafe Pike still lived—lived to remind the trailer of his sacred promise.

"You told me—my child—I'm dying—and you?"

"Harvey Wilson, look at me well. I am Philip Epes, your son-in-law, and here, in Pacific Pete or Vincente Barada, the outlaw and murderer, the man whose hand has laid you low, behold your daughter—my wife!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE GRAVE COVERS ALL.

Two human forms propped up against the rocks, the life-blood slowly trickling down and forming a red pool between them. The face of one old, wrinkled, surrounded with gray hair; the other smooth, clear as marble, despite the gray shade of death which was steadily creeping over them both. No longer disguised by the false mustache, the neatly-fitting wig; with garments thrown open at the throat to assist recovery, among them a tight waist of fawn-skin, fitting closely over the swelling bosom, compressing it into less tell-tale proportions, and a flexible, magnificent shirt of mail, whose tiny links had turned many a dagger-point, flattened many a bullet—no longer Vincente Barada or Pacific Pete, but Isabella and Pacific Pete.

Beside them stood Old Business—Philip Epes. Casting aside his uncouth disguise, he stood there, man among men. The blood still trickled down his face, but he need not the pain of his wound; he had thoughts only for the two persons lying so helplessly before him. His thoughts were busy with the past. One by one the more prominent events of his troubled life came up before him. What did he see?

Two brothers. One, the elder, steady and thoughtful, a minister of the gospel. The other a careless, devil-may-care, yet with good-hearted youth. "Gospel Dick" and himself.

The family of Harvey Wilson, a go-ahead merchant of speculative tendencies, yet fiery-tempered, vindictive and suspicious; his wife, a devotee of fashion; rumor added an incorrigible flirt whom marriage had failed to cure; an only child, Isabella, at that time sixteen years of age.

Isabella and Philip met and were introduced at a ball. From that evening a new life began

for them both. Both really beautiful, both intelligent and accomplished, both young, their veins filled with hot, ardent blood, both fell in love. Philip proposed; Isabella acknowledged that the sentiment was reciprocated, and the next morning the lover waited upon the great merchant in his office.

A stormy scene. Wilson twitted Philip with his poverty, accusing him of being a beggarly fortune-hunter. Epes angrily retorted; the result—ejected with positive violence from the store by the porters.

That night all Baltimore was convulsed—horried with the rumor of a terrible crime in high life. Harvey Wilson had been arrested for a double murder.

The brief truth was this. After his stormy interview with Philip, the merchant hastened home, knowing the headstrong temperament of his daughter, and fearing an elopement. He found his wife with company—an ex-captain of the regulars, as well as one whom his wife had thrown over for him. What he saw was never known. Enough that it made him a madman, or rather developed the germ of a long hereditary in his family.

The servants fled and summoned assistance. Wilson was captured after a frightful struggle.

The room resembled a slaughter pen. His wife, the man, lay there dead. His daughter was unconscious, covered with blood, breathing hard; the physician decided that the fractured skull could only result in death or insanity.

Harvey Wilson was pronounced insane and sent to the State Asylum. For five years he remained an inmate, then was discharged as cured. For what? He was a ruined man, in health, mind and earthly goods. He asked for his daughter. She had died, so they told him. Then he disappeared—no one knew or cared whither.

Better for all, perhaps, had Isabella died.

But, despite the doctor's predictions, she recovered; seemingly as well as before, both in body and mind, yet—. Philip remained true to her, and despite the prayers and reasonings of his brother, married her. That was the last feather. The brothers parted in anger, never to meet again in life.

Then came a few fast fleeting months of almost delirious happiness—far too intense to be lasting.

All in all to each other, Isabella and Philip lived in their cozy Southern home—an humble cottage, but all that he could afford. It was a sturdy struggle, but he kept the wolf from the door, and asked nothing better so long as he had her love to sustain him when jaded and weary. Thus the months passed by.

A little daughter was born unto them.

Their cup of bliss seemed full. Yet, the bond that should have drawn their hearts still closer together was fated to sever them. No longer even-tempered and sunny, Isabella gradually gave way to fits of gloom and despondency, which grew deeper day by day, until she at length taunted Philip with his poverty. Day by day it grew worse, until he, knowing how little he deserved her bitter words, took to drink.

In one of his sprees he visited New Orleans, and with an extraordinary run of luck broke one of the richest gambling banks in the city. A month later Isabella found herself mistress of a mansion in the Queen City. And Philip Epes became a professional gambler.

Though his wife was gay, fond of fashionable dissipation, he never once dreamed of the terrible blow in store for him, until he found that Isabella had fled from him with a handsome gambler, his partner, in fact, one Maurice Vanoy, taking their child with her to drink.

Two years later he found them. At Eli Brand's feet he killed Vanoy; but then lost all trace of both his wife and child.

Of his subsequent life, enough has already been detailed in these pages, for the reader to connect the stray threads.

Of Isabella, conjecture alone can aid us.

The wild life upon which she voluntarily entered after the death of her lover, can only be explained by referring to the taint of insanity hereditary in her blood, added to the terrible shock of that day, when she was stricken down by the bloodstained hand of her father.

Her "double life," as Isabella and Pacific Pete, was probably devised at first as a "card," to increase the interest in "The Golden Horn of Plenty," but the mad passion with which Mark Austin inspired her, caused the part to be played far more openly than she had intended, and finally proved her ruin.

With a low, faint sigh, Isabella opened her eyes. Yet a film seemed spread before them, as she gazed feebly, wonderingly around. She started as a cry broke from Wilson's lips, but her eyes met his without recognition.

"Do you know me?" said Philip Epes, speaking in a cold, monotonous tone, as he bowed his head until their eyes were upon a level.

"Look at me well."

A convulsive shudder shook the woman's frame, and a wild, hunted look came into her eyes, as she strove to speak. But the words refused utterance. Only a blood-flecked froth tinged her lips.

"I see you have not forgotten," the trailer continued. "It is well. I wanted you to know all before you died. I don't mean to reproach you with the past; you were a woman—all is said in those words. But I wanted you to know that my vengeance has never slept since the day when I was first awakened by a sense of my folly, of your perfidy. I killed your lover; I destroyed your band at Wild Cat, just as I have here. I have thwarted you in everything. That has been my revenge. You were a woman, and I could not strike at your life."

"I saved her—our daughter—just as I saved him, my nephew—the man whom you tried to make love to. They are together now. They love each other, and before this week ends, they will be wedded to each other. This is my revenge."

"Look at the man before you. He is dying. Your hand aimed the shot that cuts short his life. And that man is—your father! This is my revenge!"

Only once did the look of wild terror change—when the trailer mentioned Mark's name.

Then a slight spasm, a longing look in the large eyes; after it the old, hunted look.

Epes gnawed his long mustache moodily, as he stood looking down upon the ghastly white face. He saw now that his words had fallen meaningless upon her ears. He saw her eyes light up, saw the hunted look pass from her face, while a faint smile played around her lips. He heard the words—low, faint as the fluttering breath of a new-born infant.

"Mark—forgive me—twas love that—that made me so—so cruel. I love you—my God! I love you!"

As though gifted with a supernatural strength, she stretched out her arms and leaned forward, a look of ineffable love in her eyes, though the frothy blood gurgled from her mouth.

This movement, the sound of her voice, seemed to awaken Harvey Wilson, though un-

till then, he looked like one already dead. That

soft tone, the look of yearning love seemed to be for him. He leaned forward—their arms closed around each other's forms, their last breath mingled; then all was over. Father and daughter were at rest.

The victorious sheriff and his posse found their guide strangely engaged, digging a grave beneath the bullet-scarred cedar, with his knife and hands. Their questions were answered by a look so strange and chilling that the boldest drew back with a vague dread. And so they left him, alone with his dead.

Doggedly he persevered in his laborious task. The pit grew deeper and deeper. Ever and anon he would pause and gaze upon the two forms, still locked in that strange embrace. But the hard, stern look had left his face. Instead came at such moments, an expression of unutterable anguish. His heart was not yet dead.

Carefully he moved the bodies to the grave.

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or who have no time to go to a paper-seller direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following prices:

To Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months \$1.00

Two copies, one year \$2.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State and County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TIME NOTICE. In sending money for subscription, by mail, never include postage except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Letters by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Sunshine Papers.

A Vindication.

MEN have several little failings and faults; so have women. If a "parson's daughter" has sometimes let the sunshine in upon the weaknesses of her sex, she has no less unspuriously used her pen against the vices, and follies, and foibles, and conceits of the dear men.

For once, however, she plunges it into her inkstand, with intent to show a just cause and impediment why masculinity should have less abuse in matters where it gets much.

There has been a chorus of fault-finders, for a long time chanting in mournful refrain man's utter lack of politeness, and the general incivility and insult met by women who attempt to do any work, or go to any place, unprotected by a "lord of creation." Many of these wails from my sisterhood find voice to the world through the columns of our daily papers.

There comes a time when a famine of news is in the land. Politicians, and lawyers, and plaintiffs, and defendants, and fashion have gone to the mountains or the sea. Wars and rumors of wars are silent for a time. The engineers forgot to run their trains off the track, twenty-four hours pass without more than three murders to record, and there being a limited supply of steamships, the accidents in that line are delayed for a time. To "fill up" the distracted editor, remembering that he forgot to offer his grandmother his seat in the horse-car last night, puts in a little item on the neglect of mankind toward women.

The next day two or three columns of touching sorrows are related in letters from women who never go outside their own homes, but can get off a few reproachful words at men, and so see their literary efforts in print.

If I were a reporter on those papers I'd get such heaps of news from somewhere, if only out of my imagination, that there would not be room for their milk and water pathos! Oh! bah! the idea of any woman who is a *lady*, asserting that she can not do this or that, or go here and there, alone!

The trouble is that women are so loaded, when they travel, with finery and luggage, and nerves, and airs, that a man could not get within ten feet of them to do them favors, if he would. Just let any sensible, lady-like woman try traveling alone, and she will find that she can go where she pleases in safety, comfort, and under the care of a great brotherhood who are kind and courteous.

Then the old cry is made, "you must be young, and rich, and pretty, to get any attention shown you." It is false. We women ask no courtesy to our face, or pocket-books, or score of years, nor do we generally get it on such accounts. Men enough, there are yet, to pay respect and attention to the sex—not to the individual. Nor do we want promiscuous attention. What woman wants freedom to pursue any honest employment, to go to and fro wherever pleasure and business call her, with all the accord of rights that men find. And I maintain that we can do so already, despite the much that is said and written of man's rudeness and woman's trials.

I know that every honest, gracious, womanly woman, young and old, rich and poor, pretty and homely, will find that man in general will respect her and her rights, in all her goings forth and comings in. She can ask what time a train starts, how to find such and such a street, to have a troublesome window open or closed, and be aided with the same frankness that man accords to man.

I know that men do not often, if they do in rare cases—none of which have ever come under my personal knowledge—treat women rudely and insultingly who travel alone. I know that one of the most abused class of mortals, editors and newspaper men, show women the greatest kindness and gentlest politeness. I know that proprietors of first-class hotels accord deference, and attention, and conveniences to a lady as soon as to a man. That the cry raised of woman's difficulty to find accommodations in hotels of repute is a false cry. I know that a lady can go to any entertainment and find herself as much protected among the people, strange and around her, as if under the watchful eye of some gallant cavalier.

The secret of *true politeness* is all one needs to depend upon as a safe chart and guide, and protector, among one's own or the opposite sex. We cry of men's incivility, but do we often look at home to note the many little kindnesses we receive at the hands of strangers without offering a "thank you?" There is no need so trifling, no person so humble, that the one is not worth gratitude and the other entitled to our expression of it. I often wonder why women never have a voice in car or stage, or street or ferryboat, store or hall.

We are not often without that useful organ, when in the bosoms of our families. If we would make better use of it in gracefully asking favors, and pleasantly acknowledging them, we, as a sex, would have far less fault to find with man, as we go through the high-roads of life.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

QUEER PEOPLE.

How many persons there are who, from ignorance or thoughtlessness, act in a very peculiar manner! Some of these beings will write letters on their own business entirely and desire you to answer immediately and at full length, but never inclose a stamp! Perhaps they imagine stamps in your neighborhood grow on trees, or that you have a friend at Washington who provides you with them gratis, or that you are so overwhelmed with this world's goods as to have no use for your money, and therefore wish to use it in paying for answers to letters to those for whom you care nothing.

Another odd specimen is he to whom you write a respectful note asking an answer, and

do not forget to enclose the stamp of a return postage, but who quietly pockets the stamp and lets you whist for a reply. I don't think it is "just the thing" for a person to keep other people's property. A stamp may not be much, yet it is something.

Brother Tom says I don't look at stealing, for it does not appear to be considered a crime to rob millions, but heartless wickedness to take a little. Well, I don't know of anything much smaller than a stamp one could take, but, as for there being a difference in stealing, I think a thief is a thief and you cannot "civilize" me out of that belief!]

There's another queer specimen of humanity—the person who expects too much. An editor of a puzzle column, to stimulate his readers to send answers to problems, offered a small prize for the *first* correct solution. One being, among some fifty, sent an answer, but *not* the correct one, and quite awhile after the prize was awarded, she wrote and stated that "she had taken so much time to solve the problem" (which she *didn't* solve) "she should expect a prize, and would take a walnut writing desk." She didn't get it, but the editor wrote her a note stating that he was out of walnut writing-desks and wouldn't she like a gold watch and chain or a set of furs? I don't know what you think about the matter, but my idea is that that editor served her about right. If he did treat her rather coolly, didn't he deserve it?

Then we have that strange being who, if he happens to know a writer for the press, is always begging said author to write him something either in the shape of some lines to his lady-love or stanzas composed on the death of a favorite poodle dog. Somebody pestered me once, that way, and, feeling a trifle good-natured, I told him it would give me the greatest pleasure in life to write his epitaph. I have never had him make me a call since, and I have heard, from other parties, that he was quite offended with me, and thought I treated him very cruelly. That comes from being good-natured and obliging, but it has kept one bare away from the mansion of the Lawless. There was more good than mischief done that time, and if people have a mind to stay away because one is willing to write their epitaph, let them stay away, say I.

Another queer specimen is the female who rides in the horse-cars and whose ticket is always in the portemonee which is carried in the pocket of an inside skirt. It generally takes her three whole minutes to find that porte, etc., and then she has to "rummage" over the contents, which she does in the slowest and most unconcerned manner, never for a moment seeming to imagine that conductors' time is precious, or that there are others to be attended to. I've often blamed conductors for being uncivil, but when I see what they have to put up with, and with whom they have to deal, I wonder they have any patience left, whatever. Men generally have their tickets handy, and that's where I think they know the worth of time. A little bit more thoughtfulness concerning this matter, sisters, will render yourselves more pleasant and accommodating.

Curious specimens of humanity are they who are particularly "gushing" in their friendships and affections, who would go to the gallows and die in your stead, or who would pass through fire and water to serve you, if need be, and use other such trite, "stagey," and unfitting expressions. Maybe they would be willing to do that, but, you'll find them *generally* unwilling to do things of a simple and more sensible nature. This great "gushing" rarely amounts to a great deal, because words are cheap, and some folks don't really know what they are saying. You'll find your sincerest friends are those who have a dictionary of endearing epithets, but when you come to *deeds*, then is the time they will show their *sincere* friendship. And good deeds are worth one hundred times empty, "gushing" words.

Foolscap Papers.

Washington Interviewed.

Ir was three-quarters of a century ago—and I remember it just as well if it was day after-tomorrow, when I called upon George Washington, Sr., at his residence at Mount Vernon.

I was a young man—a very young man—but this occasion stands out upon my memory as vividly as it did yesterday, or the day before.

I had heard of the gentleman before, and this was the reason I called upon him.

He was not an entire stranger to me, at least by reputation, as he is now to some others.

I had expected to see him all dressed up in his regiments, sitting in state upon a throne, but was informed by a servant that I would find him out in the garden weeding onions, so I went out there and asked the first man I met if I could find G. W., and he said I might go further and find less of him; that he was what was left of the man, and asked me if I had any little bill to settle.

I said certainly not, and asked him if he was really the little George Washington that owned the little hatchet.

He said he represented that little boy.

He said that he couldn't deny being a little boy once with all the failings of a lad, but one, and that was that he could never tell a lie—he asked me if I could not take a hand in the game of pulling weeds, and I accepted the invitation; he added he would like to combine business with pleasure.

He said he used to do his very best to tell a story, but could never make it. If he could have told a good square lie, many a time he would have saved many a licking from the old man; and he seemed very much surprised when I told him that to tell a fabrication was the easiest thing for me in the world, and I had saved more switchings than he ever deserved by it. I told him that it never did a boy any good to tell the truth.

He pulled up a little onion by mistake, and said that every time he had attempted to tell a lie he got caught in it, before he got through with it, and under the circumstances he had concluded that to tell the whole truth when he had committed a misdeed—and that was often—was the best, and got more sympathy for one than to try and tell a lie.

He told me that any strain on the onion tops would bring them up by the roots, and said that he had really cut the cherry tree. His father had told him never to climb up in that tree, and he wanted to mind him; so, as he wished the cherries, he had to either cut the tree down or do without them; the last he could not do. He cut the tree down, ate all the cherries and swallowed the seeds. When his father asked him about it, he couldn't lay it on his neighbor's boy, for he had gone off on a visit. He revolved many things in his mind,

and finally told his father that he would write him an answer to that conundrum by return mail, but that was no go, and so he cut and told him the whole truth, and the openness of the confession saved him one of the most outrageous thrashings that a father ever bequeathed to his son. He said he didn't think it would work, but he was bound to risk it, anyhow. He said he sold the chips of that cherry tree at two dollars apiece, and gave me one, and I have improved on it ever since.

I inquired about that celebrated vicious colt that he rode for the first time.

He said that it was as wild as a house afire; one day he jumped upon its back in a field. He had been practicing on a saw-horse in the wood-shed, and thought he could ride on anything. The colt walked on its fore-feet forty rods; then it walked on its hind-feet as far; then it turned summersets, but still he held on. Then it laid down and rolled over, but he still held on though, he said, tugging at a great big weed that broke off and let him sit down, I thoroughly broke that colt; that is, I broke his neck and both his fore-legs, when he jumped a creek.

He said that the harder I pulled the more weeds would come up, and told me that when he was at Bradock's defeat he really was shot at seventeen times by one Indian. He put the shots down in a note book as they were fired. The trouble was the Indian was drunk and always forgot to put in the balls.

He came over and helped me weed my side of the patch, and said the encroachment of England was something like the encroachment of the weeds upon that onion bed. At the first he flew two arms, or to arms, and resolved to be the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen, although his principal aim was at British hearts.

He pulled a few more weeds in silence and said his crossing of the Delaware had been misinterpreted. He crossed it on a log. His horse had been with a circus, and didn't mind the rolling a bit. His army jumped from cake to cake of ice, and carried the cannon on their shoulders; they then captured the Hessians and made them lay down their arms and legs. He said each soldier carried a Hessian back in his carpet sack.

He told me to work a little faster or we wouldn't get done by dinner-time, and said this getting rid of weeds was like getting rid of the British power—deadhard to pull up by the roots. He had fought on many fields but he had never sweat so much on any field as on this field of garden truck, to resist the invasion of weeds. That was the worst field he had ever fought in.

I asked him how it was that he had never killed even once on the battlefield.

He said, chewing an onion top, that he always laid it to the fact that he had never run against a ball that was coming in his direction. His eyesight was always good, and when he saw a bullet coming he stepped to one side as any sensible man would. Why shouldn't he? Besides he never chewed tobacco!

We began on another onion patch, and I said that the folks up in our country honored him so much that they wished his birthday would come twice a year.

He said if he had his way about it it wouldn't come once in ten years, as he wished to live long enough to attend the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. He pined to be there. He ate a little onion and tears came into his eyes.

He said when he was a boy his mother never told him he should become the President of the United States. He didn't have anything of the kind to cheer him, and he was deprived of his fourth of Julys. He pulled up a big burdock and sighed.

When we had exercise enough we went in for dinner, and I saw that the father of his country was fond of viands and beans. He said he never ate much more than he wanted.

He showed me a regiment of body-servants who were destined to live and boast of the fact for several centuries yet.

His habits were very regular. He got up every morning before breakfast without swearing; he never smoked, nor loaned any money; never drank anything intoxicating nor staid late at nights.

When I left he pressed my hand and invited me to come back in three weeks, as then the onions would need weeding again, and he thought it very healthy to work among them.

I cut one of the buttons from his coat, and came away with this good man so imprinted on my memory that all the water I can drink will never wash it out. Never.

Respectfully,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A LITTLE GIRL'S GREETING.

The following pretty letter and the accompanying very welcome Christmas present have the SATURDAY JOURNAL's most cordial "thank you, Miss!" It is indeed pleasing to know that we have friends—though unknown to us, yet dear, good friends—wherever the JOURNAL goes. It is one of the sweet compensations of journalism that it enlists the interest and commands the sympathy of those for whom it caters. May Our Little Southern Friend long enjoy her beautiful Florida and the weekly visit of the "dear old J."

ORLANDO, ORANGE CO., FLA., }
Dec. 15th, 1875.

DEAR EDITORS:
I am a little girl thirteen years of age, and for the last twelve months a constant reader and admirer of the dear old JOURNAL—the best of story papers published. To show my appreciation of your kindness, I send as a Christmas present a barrel of choice oranges gathered from our trees, whose dark-green foliage and heavy laden branches little denote the bitter cold days you all are having now.

"It seems so strange that while you are strapping around in the snow and ice I am out in my flower garden gathering flowers. Would you believe it, we had for dinner today the following named vegetables: oakra, cucumber, green peas, tomatoes, and real nice new Irish potatoes, all taken from the garden but a few minutes before being placed upon the table. It was only last week brother brought in from the field a nice, ripe watermelon; just think of it, a watermelon in December.

"Our climate is perfectly lovely; in fact it is, as a lady visitor expressed it, "heavenly." Have you any little girls or boys, if so, please tell them to send me their names, and when the snow and ice disappear from the streets of your city I will send them each a beautiful floral present, a pine-apple air plant."

"Trusting that I have not intruded upon you of your valuable time, I will close with a wish that you may have a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year.

"Your little Southern friend,
GERTRUE SWEET."

P. S. The oranges I shipped to Jacksonville, thence by rail to New York, marked Beadle & Adams, 98 William street, N. Y."

Topics of the Time.

An intimate friend of Professor Agassiz once expressed his wonder that a man of such abilities as he (Agassiz) possessed should remain contented with such a moderate income. "I have enough," was Agassiz's reply. "I have not time to make money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellow-men at the same time." Doubtless mere money-getters think Agassiz a great fool to have so underrated the worth of money, but now that Agassiz is dead and we see what true wealth he amassed and left behind him for the good of all mankind, the money he might have accumulated, even though it were the millions of the Astors, sinks in the context of the insignificance of comparison. The pursuit of riches so absorbs a man's whole nature and energy that it is almost incompatible with literary and scientific developments, and he who forsakes the acquisition of wealth for the accumulation of wisdom is the man to honor, first and before all others. The wealth of the Astors represents a stupendous avarice—the wealth of the purse-poor Agassiz, or Humboldt, or Spencer, represents imperishable honor.

—California is going to astonish the world by exhibiting a large section of her trees, cut in the Kaweah and Kings River Grove, near the line of Fresno and Tulare counties, California, on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada, at an elevation of 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, for 2,250 years. The age of the tree as indicated by the rings was about 2,250 years, the rings being so close on the outer edge that it was almost impossible to count them. The height was two hundred and seventy-six feet. The diameter, at the surface of the ground, was twenty-six feet; ten feet above the ground diameter was twenty feet; one hundred and twenty feet above the ground, the first limb projection, the diameter was fourteen feet; and two hundred feet above the ground the diameter was nine feet. It was perfect and solid. The bark averaged one foot in thickness and in some places it was sixteen inches thick. The bark of some of this species of tree is three feet thick. The estimated number of lumber feet that it would make was 375,000, and the number of cubic feet about 31,000, enough to make lumber and posts enough for sixteen miles of ordinary fence. The weight of the wood when first cut was seventy-two pounds per cubic foot, making the weight of the lumber producing portion 2,232,000 pounds. It took two men ten days' hard work to fell the tree,

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

IN SEARCH OF A MAN.

After Joaquin Miller.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

She sat upon the old oak log,
That lies not far from Jones's bog,
And heard the ky-a of a dog,
And croaking of a monstrous frog;
She saw old Jones's bridle steers,
And animals with wondrous ears,
She saw the wild boar and bears,
Came down her chosen country streams,
And followed up the furrowed seams
Which put her mouth in brackets. So
She let her feelings overflow.
The gul-hes of her eyes in tears,
Whispering of the wretched years,
A life whom she had to wed,
Some twenty years or more ago;
And, "I'm a maiden yet!" she said,
In accents terrible and low.
And these old Jones's rooster flew
Upon the land and crew, and crew,
And mocked the damsels, as she sat.
She wept to think she was not wed.
"You speckled brute!" she cried, "take
that!"

And shied a boulder at his head.
The rock against his plumage smote,
And with a croak stuck in his throat,
And head lowered down on one side.
The bird fell down, and howl and died.
She saw a swain, likewise maid,
Come down the road, and she was mad.
"The girls have beau enough," she said,
"But one in years I have not had!"
And then she saw the bashful swain
Look sheepish, red, and green again,
Held up his hands, and maiden's glance
Was lifted up to his askance.
"What drafed the men the are?" then
This ancient damsel cried. "The men
Get spoony over us, and grin
Like monkeys ere they turned to man;
But if we're good, we're bragging
Adventures, and a wedding ring.
Is scares 'em, and they won't propose,
Though we'd be willing, goodness knows!
And then this ancient damsel rose,
Pinned up her hair, and blew her nose.
Then, her digits stretched toward Heaven.

With energy enough for seven
She swore an oath, and this she said:
"This kind o' thing is getting thin!
I'll have a man, or I will die!"
A tear rolled pale in her eye,
And awful thoughts were afoot.
If not much meat upon her bones,
As standing by that bog of Jones;
She swore her oath, and looking grim
As any squaw in war-paint, she
Resolved to go in search of him.
Who should her lord and master be.
She went, and went; and days went by,
But she found not the man she sought.
She went in search of him, and still
"But I'll not give it up," she thought.
And one sweet night she dreamed a dream
And woke with hope's entrancing beam
Within her sunken eyes agleam.
"I know the place wherein to seek
The man I'm to marry," she cried,
"And I'll be married on a week."
And she set off with rapid stride,
And on she strode, and strode, and strode;
Once in awhile she got a ride;
And ever as she strode or rode
"I'm going to find a man!" she cried.

She wore her shoes out, and her dress
Was torn to signals of distress;
Her stockings grew less and less,
Until the very toes were scant.
His prey ahead, right on she went;
And nothing turned her steps, nor stayed
The onward march of this old maid.
She reached the place she sought, at last;
"Praise God!" cried she, when first she
spied
The city of the saints; and fast
She strode to where the saints abide,
Strong, healthy, breathless, footsore, faint,
Before the first fair sunrise.
And, "Find a man for me!" cried she.
"He has thirty wives, or three,
No matter, so he marries me!"
This is the place I long have sought
And now I've found it, and I'm here."
And then she said, "I'm from the States."
The elders eyed her, and they shook
Their fat old sides, and scratched their pates;
"Oh! she had such a hopeful look!
One of them said, "We had best bring
This candidate for wedlock's yoke."
For one more wife; and fast and free
She followed where the elders led.
How young and spry I feel," said she.
"Oh, buzzards soaring in the blue,
I swear I ask no odds of you.
Ah, this is bliss!" But hurry on
With all the diligence you can,
For ere the sun from us is gone
My glad heart will have found a man!"

They left her in where twenty-six
Proud wives and forty children sat.
The old ones were fat and kicks,
And grinded well each new year.
There is your husband, ladies?" then
Upspoke an elder. And they said,
"Our husband took to walk at ten,
Some dozens of the children."
And as they said, they eyed with scorn
The poor old maid in garments torn,
And worn-out shoes; but what care had she?
All hopeful of the man to be!

There came a tramping at the door;
A man looked in and saw her there;
A ghastly smile his face came o'er;
He clutched his hands among his hair.
"We've brought a wife," an elder said,
And then sprang up this ancient maid,
And dropped two tear-drops on his vest.
"I've wanted all my life," she cried,
"A man, and now I'm satisfied!"

"Maybe you are," said he, "but I
Can't say I am; I've had a sigh.
But the good of Monday,
He'd have to take her that he saw,
By one swift glance into the face,
Of the old elders. And he swore,
And kicked the children, with a grace,
That showed what gentle blood he bore.

And then she hugged him, with a kiss,
Close to her lank and bony breast.
"What have I done to merit this?"
He wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed.

"I'm not a bad man; but he's;
Still I would like two wives, or three,
To add unto my household bands."

If they were what wives ought to be,

But you can't wonder I'm unmanned
To think of having sealed to me—"

And here he groaned some awful groans—

"But closer clasped she him, and cried,
I'd have a man before I died,

And I am yours forevermore;

You shake off chills and things, maybe,
But you don't shake off me, and she,

That very day the dead was done;

The happiest creature 'neath the sun
Was she who'd found a man at last.

"Thank God, I have him snug and fast,"

She cried, "and I have kept my vow.

I'm not a bad man; but he, you know, now.

Oh, bliss, on rapture taste who can!

I'm part proprietor of a man."

Down the world he whirled

Since she her man "discovered,"

And she was duly "signed" and "sealed."

P. S. And recently "delivered!"

Erminie:
or,
THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI—CONTINUED.

"THIS is the girl, Madame Marguerite," said Garnet, respectfully. "I intrust her to your care until the captain comes."

"She shall be cared for. That will do," said the woman, waiving her hand until all its burning rubies and blazing diamonds seemed to encircle it with sparks of fire.

Garnet bowed low, cast a triumphant glance on Pet as he passed, and kissed softly on her ear: "Mine own—mine own, at last." And then he raised the screen and disappeared.

The cold, proud black eyes were fixed piercingly on Pet; but that young lady bore it as she had done many another stare, without flinching.

"Sit down," said the woman, with her strong foreign intonation, pointing to a seat.

Pet obeyed, saying, as she did so:

"I may as well, I suppose. Am I expected to stay here all night?"

"Yes," said the woman, curtly, "and many more nights after that. You can occupy my bed; I will sleep on one of these lounges while you remain."

"Well," said Pet, "I would like to know what I am brought here for anyway. Some of Rozzel Garnet's capers, I suppose. He had better look out; for when I get free, if the gallows don't get their due it won't be my fault."

Rozzel Garnet had nothing to do with it; he was but acting for another in bringing you here."

"For another?" said Pet, with the utmost surprise; "who the mischief is it?"

"That you are not to know at present. When the proper time comes, that, with many other things, will be revealed."

"So I'm like a bundle of goods, 'left till called for,'" said Pet; "now, who could have put themselves to so much unnecessary trouble to have me carried off, I want to know? I thought I hadn't an enemy in the world, but his excellency, the right worshipful Rozzel Garnet. It can't be Orlando Toosypieg, surely—hum-m-m. I do wonder who can be," said Pet, musingly.

While Pet was holding converse with herself, the woman, Marguerite, had gone out.

Pet waited for her return until, in spite of her strange situation, her eyes began to drop heavily.

A little clock on a shelf struck the hour of midnight, and still she came not. Pet was sleepy, awfully sleepy; and, rubbing her eyes and yawning, she got up, and holding her eyes open with her fingers, kneeled down and said her usual night-prayers, and then jumped into bed, and fell into a sound sleep, in which Rozzel Garnet, and Marguerite, and the underground cave, and her previous night's adventure, were one and all forgotten.

When Pet awoke she found herself alone, and the apartment lit up by a swinging-lamp, exactly as it had been the night before. She glanced at the clock and saw the hands pointed to half-past ten. A little round stand had been placed close to her bed, on which all the paraphernalia of a breakfast for one was placed. On a chair at the foot of the bed was a basin and ewer, with water, combs, brushes, and a small looking-glass.

Pet, with an appetite not at all diminished, sprang out of bed, hastily washed her face and hands, brushed out her silken curls, said her morning prayers, and then, sitting down at the table, fell to with a zest and eagerness that would have horrified Miss Priscilla Toosypieg. The coffee was excellent, the rolls incomparable, the eggs cooked to a turn, and Miss Pet did ample justice to all.

As she completed her meal, the screen was pushed aside, and the woman Marguerite entered.

"Good-morning," said Pet.

The woman bent her head in a slight acknowledgment.

"I suppose it's daylight outside by this time?" said Pet.

"Yes, it was daylight five hours ago," was the reply.

"Well, it's pleasant to know even that, I want to know!"

"Whatever you please."

"A wide margin; the only thing I would please to do, if I could, would be to go out and walk home. That, I suppose, is against the rules?"

"Yes; but there are books and drawing materials; you can amuse yourself with them."

"Thankyou; poor amusement, but better than none, I expect. Who is commander here, the captain? I heard them speak of?"

"My husband," said the woman, proudly.

"And where is he now? I should like to have a talk with him, and have things straightened out a little, if possible."

"He is absent, and will not be back for some days."

"Hum! this is, then, the hiding-place of the smugglers they make such a fuss about—" said Pet.

"Yes, they are smugglers—worse, perhaps," said the woman, sullenly.

"There! I knew I'd find it; I always said so!" exclaimed Pet, exultantly. "Oh, if I could only get out! See here, I wish you would let me escape!"

The woman looked at her with her wild, black eyes for a moment, and then went on with her occupation of cleaning off the table, as if she had not heard.

"Because," persisted Pet, "I'm of no use to any one here, and they'll be anxious about me up home. They don't know I'm out, you know."

The woman went calmly on with her work without replying, and Pet, seeing it was all a waste of breath, pleading, got up and went over to the shelf where the books were, in search of something to read. A number of pencil-drawings lay scattered about. Pet took them, and little as she knew of art, she saw they had been sketched by a master-hand.

"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed; "was it you drew these?"

"No; my husband," answered the woman.

"They are all fancy sketches, he says."

There was a sort of bitterness in the last words, unnoticed by Pet, who was eagerly and admiringly examining the drawings. One, in particular, struck her; it represented a large, shadowy church, buried in mingled lights and shades, that gave a gloomy, spectral, weird appearance to the scene. At the upper end, near the grand altar, stood a youth and a maiden, while near stood a white-robed clergyman, book in hand. A dying bird seemed fluttering over their heads, and ready to drop at their feet. The face of the youth could not be seen, but the lovely, childlike face of the girl was the chief attraction of the drawing. Its look of uttermost love, mingled with a strange, nameless terror; its rare loves and lines, and the passionate worship in the eyes upturned to him who stood beside her, sent a strange thrill to the very heart of Pet. A vague idea that she had seen a face bearing a shadowy resemblance to the beautiful one in the picture somewhere before, struck her. The face was familiar, just as those we see in dreams are; but whether she had dreamed of one like this, or had really seen it, she could not tell. She gazed and gazed; and the longer she gazed, the surer she was that she had really and certainly seen, if not that face, some one very like it, before.

"Can you tell me if this is a fancy sketch?" said Pet, holding it up.

"My husband says so. Why?" asked the woman, fixing her eyes, with a keen, suspicious glance, on Pet.

"Oh, nothing; only it seems to me as if I had seen that face before. It is very strange,"

I cannot recollect when or where; but I know I have seen it."

"You only imagine so."

"No, I don't; I never imagine anything. Oh, here's another; what a pretty child! why—why, she looks like you!"

It represented a beautiful, dark little girl, a mere infant, but resplendently beautiful.

"She was my child," said the woman, as she looked straight before her.

"And where is she?" asked Pet, softly.

"I don't know—dead, I expect," said the woman, in that same tone of deep, steady despair, far sadder than any tears or wild sobs could have been.

Pet's eyes softened with deep sympathy; and coming over, she said, earnestly: "I am so sorry for you. How long is it since she died?"

"It is seven years since we lost her; she was two years old, then. I do not know whether she is living or dead. Oh, Rita! Rita!" cried the woman, passionately, while her whole frame shook with the violence of emotion.

No tear fell, no sob shook her breast, but words can never describe the utter agony of that despairing cry.

There were tears in Pet's eyes now—in those flashing, mocking, defying eyes; and in silent sympathy she took the woman's hand in her own little brown fingers, and softly began caressing it.

"It was in London we lost her—in the great, vast city of London. I was out with her, one day, and seeing a vast crowd at the corner of the street, I went over, holding my little Marguerite by the hand, to see what was the matter. The crowd increased; we were wedged in, and could not extricate ourselves. Suddenly some one gave her a pull; her little hand relaxed its hold; I heard her cry out; and, shrieking madly, I burst from the crowd in search of her; but she was gone. I rushed shrieking through the streets until they arrested me as a lunatic, and carried me off. For a long, long time after, I remember nothing. My husband found me out, and took charge of me; but we never heard of our child after that. I nearly went mad. I was mad for a time; but it has passed. Since that day, we never heard of Rita. I heard them say she was stolen for her extraordinary beauty; but living or dead, I feel she is forever lost to me—forever lost—forever lost!"

She struck her bosom with her hand, and rocked back and forward, while her wild, black eyes gazed steadily before her with that rigid look of changeless despair.

"I loved her better than anything in earth or heaven, except her father—my heart was wrapped up in hers—she was the dearest part of myself; and, since I lost her, life has been a mockery—worse than a mockery to me. Girl!" she said, looking up suddenly and fiercely, "never love! Try to escape woman's doom of loving and losing, and of living on, when death is the greatest blessing God can send you. Never love! Tear your heart out and throw it in the flames sooner than love and live to know your golden idol is an image of worthless clay. Girl, remember!" and she sprung to her feet, her eyes blazing with a maniacal light, and grasped Pet so fiercely by the arm that she was forced to stifle a cry of pain, "never love—never love! Take a dagger and send your soul to eternity sooner!"

She flung Pet from her with a violence that sent her reeling against the wall, and darted from the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE OUTLAW.

"He knew himself a villain, but he deemed The rest no better than the thing he seemed; And scorred the as hypocrites, who hid, Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.

He knew himself detested, but he knew The heart that loathed him crouched and dread-ed, too.

Lone, wild and strange he stood, alike exempt From all affection and from all contempt."

—BYRON.

THAT first day of her imprisonment seemed endless to Pet. She yawned over her books, and dozed over the drawings, and fell asleep, wondering what they were doing at home, and when they would come in search of her; and dreamed she was creeping through some hole in the wall, making her escape, and awoke to find herself crawling on all fours between the legs of the table. It was the longest, dreariest day Pet had ever known. The woman Marguerite did not make her appearance again, and Pet's meals were served by a bright, bold

The new-comer was a man apparently about forty years of age, with the bold, handsome features, the flashing black eyes, and raven hair of Ray Germaine. His face was bronzed by sun and wind many shades darker than that of his young prototype; and in his coarse sailor's garb he looked the very beau ideal of a bold, reckless buccaneer. And yet, within, he bore about him the same air of refinement Pet had noticed in the woman Marguerite, as if both had originally belonged to a far different grade of society than the branded outlaws to whom they now were joined.

But that likeness—that wonderful resemblance to Ray Germaine—it completely upset Miss Lawless' nonchalance, as nothing in the world had ever done before. There she sat and stared, unable to remove her eyes from the dark, browned, handsome face that was turned toward her with a look half careless, half admiring, and wholly amused.

The man was the first to break the silence. "You are the young lady they brought here last night, I presume?" he said, watching her curiously.

His voice, too, was like Ray's, and bespoke him, even if nothing else had done so, above his calling—being those low, modulated tones that can only be educated into a man.

Pet did not reply. She did not hear him; in fact, being still lost in digesting her surprise at this astounding resemblance. He watched her for a moment, as if waiting for an answer, and then a smile broke over his face. Pushing back his thick, clustering, raven hair, he said:

"I shall put an end to this mystery," said the captain, starting up and going to the door. "Marguerite," he said, lifting the screen, "send Rozzel Garnet here."

"He has gone," replied the voice of the woman.

"He went away the moment you entered the room."

"Sold!" cried Pet, jumping up, and whirling round like a top in her delight. "He has taken you all in—made April-fools of every mother's son of you! Carried off me, Pet Lawless, for Erminie Germaine! He knew he would be discovered, and now he has fled; and when you see last night's wind again, you will see him. Oh! I declare it's not the best joke I have heard this month of Sundays!"

And overcome by the (to her) irresistibly ludicrous fancy, of how the smugglers had been "sold" by one of themselves, Pet fell back, laughing uproariously.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

Happy Harry, THE WILD BOY OF THE WOODS;

OR,
The Pirates of the Northern Lakes.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII. A "BLOODY" TRICK.

THE savages stood gazing in astonishment on the bloody, lifeless form before them.

Eeleelah, the princess, set up a chanting wail that rung in mournful, solemn and weird cadences through the woods.

Belsazar crouched by his young master's side and howled pitifully.

The red-skins had no idea how the youthful pale-face had met his death unless it had been at the hands of their friends. They recalled the fact of having heard a rifle report sometime previous. But his scalp being untouched was evidence that no Indian had slain him.

They speculated some time over the manner of his death, and were about to institute an investigation, but Belsazar refused to allow them to touch the body.

A young warrior seized his rifle and was about to shoot the dog when Eeleelah interfered. The princess' every wish was their law. To do her bidding the young warriors seemed to vie with each other. She was the flower of the tribe, whose love every warrior strove to win.

By her orders a blanket was thrown over the body, and then she sat down by it and began chanting a sad and mournful requiem to which Belsazar lent the deep bass of his voice.

Tempy looked out upon the scene, and her own heart grew almost hopeless at sight of the bloody face of the boy scout lying before her. She turned away, sat down and wept bitterly.

The warriors became very anxious about the manner of Harry's death and set off to follow the track where he had been dragged along. They followed it some ten rods from camp, or to the point where it appeared the dog had undertaken his laborious work. Even here there was no sign of a struggle, but in the weeds at one side was found the body of a large squirrel. It had been so recently killed that it still retained some animal heat. It had been shot through the head with a small bullet, and its throat had been cut with a knife. Having made this discovery, the warriors exchanged significant glances and started back toward camp as fast as they could run.

"Well, then, I give it up. I never was good at guessing, so I'll not bother my brain about it. Is it high treason to ask how long I am to be cooped up here in this underground hole?"

"Perhaps a fortnight, perhaps longer."

"Vipers and rattlesnakes!—two whole blessed weeks!—whew! Well, Mr. Captain, all I have to say is that I'll be a melancholy case of 'accidental death' before half the time, and then I wish your patron, whoever he may be, joy of his bargain."

"We will hope for better things, my dear young lady. By the way, I have not heard your name yet—what is it?"

"Pet Lawless—better known to her unhappy friends as Imp, Elf, Firefly, Nettle, Pepper-pot, and many other equally proper, appropriate and suggestive names. Queen regent and mistress imperial to all the witches and warlocks that ever rode on broomsticks, and leaves a large and disagreeable circle of friends to mourn her untimely loss. *Requiescat in pace.*"

All this Pet brought out at a breath, and so rapidly that the smuggler captain looked completely bewildered.

"Lawless!" he exclaimed. "I did not think—do you know Judge Lawless of Heath Hill?" he asked, abruptly.

"Slightly acquainted. They say I'm a daughter of his," said Pet, composedly.

"His daughter? Young lady, are you jesting?"

"Well, I may be—quite unintentional on my part, though; if it sounds funny, you're perfectly welcome to laugh at it till you're black in the face. What was it?"

"You Judge Lawless's daughter?" said the astonished captain.

"Nothing is certain in this uncertain world, Captain Reginald. I've always labored under that impression; if you know anything to the contrary, I am quite willing to be convinced."

"Young lady, I wish you would be serious for one moment," said the smuggler, knitting his dark brows. "If you are his daughter, there has been a terrible mistake here. Did not Rozzel Garnet live at Heath Hill for some years as the tutor of Miss Lawless?"

"Yes, sir, and he was sent about his business for wishing to teach her some things not laid down in the books."

"Then he would know you at once. Oh! it's impossible you can be Miss Lawless."

"Very well, if it affords you any consolation to think so, you are perfectly welcome to your own opinion. Who am I then?"

"You were mistaken for, or rather you ought to be, a young lady, a celebrated beauty who lives in a cottage somewhere on the heath."

"What! Erminie?"

"I really do not know the name. Is it possible you are not the one?"

"Well no, I rather think not. Though I may not be Pet Lawless; and as you say I'm not, I won't dispute it—but I most decidedly am not Erminie Germaine."

"Erminie who?" cried the outlaw, with a violent start.

"Germaine. Perhaps you object to that, too."

"Pardon me; the name is—" He paused and shaded his eyes for a moment with his hand, then looking up, he added: "She was a woman who was to be brought here; if you are really Miss Lawless, then there has been a tremendous mistake."

"Humph! it seems to me to have been a mistake all through. I shouldn't wonder the least if it turns out to be some of Master Garman's handwriting. So they wanted to carry off Erminie! Now, I'm real glad I was taken, if it has saved Minnie. It appears to have been a pretty piece of business, from beginning to end."

"I shall put an end to this mystery," said the captain, starting up and going to the door. "Marguerite," he said, lifting the screen, "send Rozzel Garnet here."

"He has gone," replied the voice of the woman.

"He went away the moment you entered the room."

"Sold!" cried Pet, jumping up, and whirling round like a top in her delight. "He has taken you all in—made April-fools of every mother's son of you! Carried off me, Pet Lawless, for Erminie Germaine! He knew he would be discovered, and now he has fled; and when you see last night's wind again, you will see him. Oh! I declare it's not the best joke I have heard this month of Sundays!"

And overcome by the (to her) irresistibly ludicrous fancy, of how the smugglers had been "sold" by one of themselves, Pet fell back, laughing uproariously.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

"Eeleelah will prove that she is true."

They approached the shore where a light canoe was beached. Harry at once launched the craft. The two maidens entered. Eeleelah took the paddle and drove the canoe out into the water, across the channel and sought shelter behind an adjacent island—a movement made by Harry's direction in order that the savages might not see which course they took.

A yell in the vicinity of the camp told Harry that his trick had been discovered and warned him of danger. With Belsazar at his heels, he crept away through the undergrowth and finally secreted himself—to await the movements of the red-skins—in a thicket where he had left his rifle and accoutrements an hour previous.

"Great hornets, Belsazar," he said aloud to his dumb companion, "I feel awful squeamish with these 'ere dirty duds on me. That poor squirrel wasn't born for nothin'; besides, I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I wanted to laff so. But, Bel, if it hadn't been for the princess you'd a bin shot dead'n a nit. She done the square thing by I'd bin."

"I'll bet 'em red-vigilants will find it and gobble it right down hide and hair, tooth and nail—not the blood, though—we got that. You did your part well, Belsazar—you done it proper right, you did, for a noble fact. Glad I am that you didn't let the tarnal corruscated sinners feel my pulse, for I'll swan it beat hard enough to bust the buttons off my sleeves when I laid there. And my heart! why, great hornits! it just got and pounded a jubilee, it did, for a fact. And gracious me! when they threw a blanket over me, I'll swear I thought I'd burst wide open, I

A grim smile lit up the face of Eleelah, while Tempy regarded the whole with a mingled feeling of fear and delight.

The princess plied the paddle vigorously, and soon they had passed the island and were speeding away toward the brig-of-war. The last glimpse they had of Muckelwee, he was standing in the water to his chin, shaking his fist threateningly toward them, and no doubt hissing forth vile imprecations.

"Really, Eleelah, you are as true and brave a friend as you were a cold and cruel enemy," Tempy finally said, when their proximity to the brig assured them of safety.

"When Eleelah promises to be a friend, she can keep her word. She is no coward like the English soldiers that skulk behind walls and in holes when they fight."

"I will never forget my red sister's kindness in saving me."

"You owe me nothing. I thought you loved the Wild Boy of the Woods, and I led you into trouble. It was my duty to lead you out, and to your—"

"Oh, Eleelah!" suddenly cried Tempy, as they neared the brig, her eyes sparkling with manifest joy, "I see my dear papa on board the brig! That is he with the long, white beard!"

"I am glad my white sister will soon be safe and happy with her friends," declared the princess.

In ten minutes more they ran alongside the brig, and were taken aboard amid the wildest shouts of joy.

The reunion of Tempy and her friends was most joyous, and among the first to greet her return was Captain Rankin, who, pale and weak, was out walking about on deck.

But in the midst of the joyous meeting, a man suddenly cried out:

"A boat! a boat!"

"Whereaway?" questioned Long Beard.

Just rounding the island—with one or two occupants. It is bearing this way rapidly, and there comes another boat in pursuit of the first. Look, friend Long Beard."

Long Beard took the glass belonging to the brig, and scanned the two boats closely.

"Ay, by heavens!" burst from his lips, "Happy Harry is in the first boat, and he is being pursued by a number of savages in a six-oared barge. Boys, now is the time to try your hands at the guns. Be quick or Harry will be overtaken!"

The men flew to one of the brig's heavy guns with the alacrity of old gunners, and a moment later a cloud of smoke puffed from the vessel's side, and a thunderous boom rolled across the waters of Lake St. Clair.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 301.)

Nick Whiffles' Pet:

OR,
NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER XII.

PURSUED BY SHADOWS.

NICK WHIFFLES stood with gun grasped in both hands, ready to fire at an instant's warning, while Ned Mackintosh held almost precisely the same position directly in the rear of him, the affrighted Miona, pale, motionless and almost breathless at his side.

A dozen feet in advance crouched Calamity, growling and bristling with anger, the only member of the party who was making the least sound.

"Sh! pup!" admonished the trapper; "there's no need of making a noise, but keep your head p'nted toward the varmints."

The dog quieted down, but his appearance showed that he was aghast at something that was rapidly approaching, and that at the same time, he was agitated by an undefined fear, such as Mackintosh had never seen him show before.

This painful state of suspense was ended suddenly and unexpectedly by the appearance of an enormous grizzly bear that came awkwardly shuffling through the woods directly toward them!

As quick as thought Mackintosh brought his rifle to his shoulder, but ere he could sight it at the approaching monster, Nick furiously gestured, and called out in an excited undertone:

"Don't you do it!"

There was no disregarding that command, even though the king of the wilds was almost upon them. Catching the arm of Miona, the two walked rapidly backward, he holding his gun so as to use it effectively, while he kept his eye fixed upon the brute, coming straight at them.

As Calamity was exactly in the path of the bear, his sagacity taught him that the only thing for him to do was to get out of it without attempting to dispute the right of way with this king of the western wilds. So, wheeling about, he skurried behind his master, still snarling and growling and ready to mingle in the fray, as soon as an opportunity offered.

It was a trying moment. Nothing but absolute, undeniable necessity could induce Nick to fire, for he knew that the crack of a rifle would be sure to guide the Blackfeet to the very spot where they were standing.

Instead of firing, therefore, he threw up both hands and sprang directly toward the bear, uttering a suppressed exclamation as he did so. The bear uttered a snuff of terror and then shied off to the left, and at a faster gait than ever galloped away in the wood.

"Now, come," called out Nick, plunging into the forest and taking a course at right angles; "the varmints ain't fur off."

With that sharpness of perception, which was almost intuitive with the trapper, he comprehended from the action of the grizzly bear, the instant he came in sight, that he was fleeing before the Indians, who had roused or unexpectedly come across him in the woods.

The brute made no attempt to disturb either Calamity or his friends, and his advance upon them was merely because they happened to be in his path, shying away the moment Nick added to his terror by shooting in his face.

The Blackfeet were so close that the crack of a rifle would have brought them to the spot ere they could have fled, and hence the prompt, imperative manner in which Nick Whiffles checked the shot that was almost discharged from the gun of Ned Mackintosh.

By this time the sun had set, and the gloom of twilight was already in the wood. Every moment was growing more favorable to the whites, and with something like a renewal of hope, they hurried through the shadowy forest.

Calamity gave no sign of apprehension, but glided deftly through the undergrowth, keeping a good lead of the others, and comprehending very well the direction his master wished him to pursue.

Suddenly the sharp and near crack of a rifle rung among the trees, and, confident that one of their number had been struck, Mackintosh turned with a gasp of alarm toward the trap-

per, expecting to see him stagger to the ground; but all that he did was to change the course he had been pursuing, and commence reloading his rifle.

At the same instant the grasp of Miona upon the arm of her lover was spasmodically tightened, and, as he glanced inquiringly toward her, she pointed ahead and aspirated:

"Look!"

In the deepening gloom of the wood Mackintosh saw the figure of a man with arms thrown up, falling backward. He was barely able to discern that it was that of an Indian, when their hurrying steps carried them out of sight.

It was Nick Whiffles, then, who had fired the gun, and so truly was it aimed, that the unerring bullet drove the life from the body ere he could give utterance to the death-yell, which almost invariably distinguishes the death of the Indian of this country.

"There are others near!" whispered Miona, as they sped away.

Deeper grew the gathering gloom, and the lovers could scarcely keep pace with the hurrying Nick Whiffles, who saw that all depended upon keeping out of sight of the Blackfeet until it was impossible for them to detect their trail, or to see them at any considerable distance in the wood.

Aware of the value of time, the red-skins were pushing their search with the utmost vigor, avoiding any outcry or signaling for fear of giving them the alarm.

The course of the trapper was as zigzag as the track of the lightning across the sky. He turned and doubled constantly, moving with great swiftness, until the athletic Mackintosh began to feel exhausted. They were scarcely able to see the lank form of Nick as he sped along, and he looked like some shadowy fugitive that they were vainly pursuing in stead of their own leader.

All at once came he to a halt, and, turning upon them, demanded:

"Be you tired?"

Their panting breath answered his question without their saying anything more.

"By mighty! we've had a sharp run for it!" he exclaimed, breathing somewhat more rapidly himself.

"But will it do to wait here?" asked the trembling Miona.

"Yes; they're off the track now, and by goin' ahead we'd be as likely to butt into 'em as not—while if we stay here we kin git a rest that I rather think you folks need."

Need it they did, and were glad enough to find it, both sitting down upon the ground, while the old trapper folded his arms over the muzzle of his upright rifle, and seemed lost in reverie, while Calamity crouched at his feet panting, but as keenly vigilant as ever.

The woods were still—no sound betraying the proximity of their dreaded foes. Where they were, and what they were doing, could only be imagined, but there could be no doubt that they were on the alert somewhere, watchful for the first indication of the hiding-place of the fugitives.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and a faint, tremolo-like whistle, was heard, so soft and musical in its character, that Mackintosh could not tell whether it was in the air overhead, or beneath, or beside them.

A moment the same sound was repeated, apparently from the same spot, but Nick Whiffles read both signals aright. The first came from a point several hundred yards to the north, and the other almost the same distance west.

Had the latter been south instead of west, it would have shown that the whites were directly between the two parties giving utterance to them, and that they were closing down upon them; but, coming from the points mentioned, it proved that the Blackfeet had no certain means of guidance and were "feeling" for their prey.

Had Nick Whiffles been alone he would have indulged his characteristic humor, by answering both of these signals, and equally misleading both. He had done so many a time when alone on the war-path, and he was strongly tempted to do so now.

It was only his regard for the safety of the two dear friends under his charge that induced him to forego this little piece of amusement, and to give his whole energies to keeping them out of danger.

The whites now made slight change in their position, passing deeper into the wood, where the trees were more dense, but, as they immediately discovered, they were beside a sort of path, such as are made by animals going to and fro to water. They fell into this path without noticing it until they had gone some distance, when Nick immediately left it.

"How long are we to wait here?" inquired Mackintosh.

"Till we git some idea of where the varmints are," replied the trapper. "We must git out of this condemned valley afore mornin', or we'll never git out of it."

His plan was to wait where they were until they could advance with a tolerable certainty of not running into great danger.

Their movements and turnings up to this time had been guided solely with the purpose of keeping out of immediate danger only. When the red-skins were endeavoring to close about them, the utmost they could do was to keep slipping out of their grasp, until time could be gained for some plan of escape altogether.

The report of Nick Whiffles' rifle narrowed the struggle down to an exceedingly narrow point. The Blackfeet, scattered here and there through the wood, instantly converged toward the point, just in time to find their dead comrade, and to miss finding who had been the means of his taking off.

For several minutes succeeding the signals mentioned nothing was heard except the distant sound of the torrent and the rustle of the night-wind through the leaves overhead.

Then, all at once, the same whistle reached their ears, sounding so close that even Nick Whiffles himself started. Seemingly guided by fate, the Indians, without any certain knowledge themselves of the fact, were drawing nearer and nearer to the party each minute.

Nick stepped softly forward, and whispered Miona to stand behind the tree closest to her, Mackintosh did the same, and then, as the trapper took his position he whispered:

"Don't stir or speak till I give the word."

Calamity, at this juncture, gave utterance to an almost inaudible whine.

"Sh! pup!" said his master, and all was still again the dog retreating to the denser cover of the wood.

This had hardly taken place when a slight rustling was heard, and the outlines of a huge Indian were discerned walking stealthily along the path. He seemed really a shadow, so silently did he move, and so swift were his footsteps that he was in view only a minute, when he slid into invisibility, and a second later another form came to view.

Nick Whiffles was the closest to the path, and he recognized this individual despite the

darkness. The peculiar head dress, which he sported, marked him as the prime mover in this mischief. He was the young chieftain, Red Bear, seeking so determinedly for his bride, who was seeking with equal determination to get beyond his power.

Miona thought the beating of her heart would betray her, when this second form stopped almost opposite her.

Could it be that his acute ear heard the tumultuous throbbing of her heart? Had some slight rustling of her dress, inaudible to herself, caught his attention? Did the magnetic consciousness of her presence make itself known to him, as we are warned of the proximity of another person, when our senses fail to acquaint us with the fact?

She felt as if she would sink to the ground, when she made certain that the red-skin had halted so near her. It seemed to her that all was over, and despair took the place of that had been cheering her on.

Still she sustained herself from falling, and hardly allowed herself to breathe. Pressing her hand to her heart, as if to still its beating, she uttered her prayer that the danger might pass by her.

In this extremely delicate situation matters stood, when Red Bear, without moving a limb, gave out the same tremulous-like whistle that had already been heard several times, repeating it twice, with a slight interval.

Alarming as was the sound, it was cheerful under the present circumstances, for it proved that Red Bear was really unaware of his neighbors, and Miona accepted it as such, scarcely able to repress a sigh of relief.

The signal was answered by some one further up the path, and then Red Bear moved on, followed by another and another, until nine Indians had filed by, all moving so close that Nick Whiffles could have tripped any or all of them, by merely thrusting out his foot.

For several minutes after the last had passed none of the party moved. Then the trapper stepped out in the path, as a signal that the others might do the same. His action was speedily imitated, and they began moving forward again, taking a course directly opposite to that pursued by the Indians.

As there was a possibility, if not a probability of encountering some more of the redskins, Calamity took up his old position of *avant courrier* for his friends, maintaining such a relative position that he could easily give them warning in time for them to dart aside again from the path.

The lovers very naturally had lost their reckoning entirely, but Nick Whiffles knew that the path they were following led almost parallel to the two ridges between which they were placed, so that as long as it was followed they were really making little or no advancement toward their real destination.

But his present purpose, as it had been for some hours past, was to get beyond the immediate vicinity of the Indians, so as to obtain some freedom of movement. As the path afforded them the opportunity to move much more rapidly than through the broken wood, and at the same time was less liable to cause a betrayal of their presence by the noise of brushing limbs and breaking twigs, he availed himself, so far as was possible, of these advantages, and pressed forward with something like his old haste.

In the constant hurry and excitement of their situation, Ned Mackintosh scarcely found time to exchange a word with the trembling, affrighted Miona, who kept as close to him as the nature of the ground would permit; but now and then he managed to whisper a word of encouragement, and to press the little hand that rested so confidently in his own.

It was scarcely a time for sentimentality or for any expression of love; but the peril which hung over all seemed to bring the two in closer union, and my hero felt that he would be glad to face any danger that would attest and prove his devotion to her.

The skill and sagacity of Nick Whiffles, favored by Providence, had sufficed to bring them through a labyrinth of peril, but they were yet in the gravest danger.

How much longer could a collision be postponed? Was there a possibility of reaching and passing over the ridge, without a deadly encounter with the Blackfeet? While they had hoped that there were no more than three or four in pursuit of them, there was now every reason to believe that there were over a dozen fully-armed and vigilant red-skins following them like bloodhounds.

Where would the morrow find them?

Even if on the other side the slope, would their safety be anyways increased? Would they not be followed with the same unrelenting ferocity?

Such were the thoughts that were in the head of Ned Mackintosh, when a sudden stoppage of Nick Whiffles and his suppressed "sh!" warned them that they were in the presence of a new and startling danger!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SLEEPING SCOUT.

ADVANCING a few steps nearer to Nick Whiffles, the lovers saw what was now the cause of the alarm. Directly ahead of them, and seemingly in the path itself, they plainly saw the gleam of a camp-fire.

It was plain that the old trapper was somewhat puzzled over this. Certain at once that there was some deep design in it, he was at a loss to comprehend what the design was.

Common opinion would have pronounced this to be the regular campfire of the Blackfeet, but even Mackintosh knew that such a thing was extremely improbable; for the Indians were not in camp, and would not kindle a fire in the vicinity of an enemy, unless it was intended to be used as some means to decoy them into destruction.

So the party paused for a few minutes, while Nick cautiously approached to reconnoiter. He went nearer and nearer, until no more than a hundred feet separated him from it, and prudence warned him against going further.

He then saw that the fire was burning directly in the path, but there was no sign of any person near; but, satisfied that there must be some one, he waited and watched. Something like a half-hour had passed, and the fire was sensibly diminishing, when an Indian suddenly came to view out of the darkness, and throwing quite a large quantity of sticks and brush upon the flames, retreated to the shelter of the forest again. Nick waited and watched, expecting to see others, but none at all were visible, and it was evident that this was the only Blackfoot in the immediate vicinity.

With his remarkable sagacity, Nick now began to comprehend what all this meant. The Blackfeet were taking pains to keep the fire burning, expecting that it would perhaps catch the eye of the fugitives wandering in the vicinity. They would be apt naturally to

drift into the path, and seeing the fire would make a *detour* to avoid it. On each side of the fire, and at some distance in the wood, there were doubtless Indian sentinels on the alert to discover

THE PEDAGOGUE.

BY JOSEPH JR.

A quiet man, sedate and grave,
A fair and keen discerner,
To wisdom's lone heart he gave—
His brooch-sprout to the learner.

A man of wise intelligence,
A careful man and prudent,
He knew of cause and consequence,
And how to lick a student.

He put young feet into the way
That led to future dollars;
In training minds he passed the day—
And wading through the scholars.

In sciences' new-found he had
No contention; but he knew
But kept the good and spurned the bad,
And thrashed the screaming pupils.

He wished to see them all become
Physicians, lawyers, merchants;
He loved to make a quiet room
And spank the unwary urchins.

He seldom smiled; he had a voice
Quite firm but very fluent;
In studiousness he did rejoice,
And licked the wily truant.

Knowledge alone, he said, was power,
And led to lofty places,
And to this end gave every hour,
And strapped the boys like blazes.

He felt it was his lot to teach,
And so he loved it dearly,
He taught along the circuit life's reach
And made the lads sev'ry.

He said that on the teacher hung
Our country's whole reliance,
And by the hand he took the young
And flogged the youthful scions.

His soul from school has long been free,
The fact seems quite bawdier,
And somehow now it seems to me,
That he used to whip the children.

How Two Women Waited.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

He stood before her, in all the perfection of his splendid manhood, that had won her so surely; he laid his hands—warm, pulsing with vitality, that sent swift, electric currents from head to foot of her slender form—his white, strengthful hands on her shoulders; he let the gaze of his eyes meet her own fully, not caring, perhaps not knowing how it hurt her.

"Well?" She spoke only the one questioning word, because it seemed his eyes, his manner called for the word, and he felt the rigid nervy of her frame to listen to what he knew would half kill her, to what she knew, with her woman's fine perception, sharpened by such agonies of painful despair as she had passed through, would stab her heart anew.

She raised her eyes to his, then, with a little silent shiver curling round her heart, then dropped the white lids over them again, and waited for what he would say; waited as the swaying reed by the river bank waits, and bends before the blast that comes sweeping shrilly over the waters and marshy wastes.

"It has always been that the dearest friends must sometimes say good-by. It has come to us to-day, Miriam."

Friends! friends!—they two, after all that fruitfully happy six months—friends!

"But—but—I"

She wanted so to tell him she could not bear it; this sudden tearing out of her life the only light it had ever known, the one great happiness vouchsafed her. Yet she was woman, and must keep silent, though her heart-strings break.

He was watching her closely, this man who had made her worship him so, with an adoration that was a religion. He watched the restraint she thought she had over herself with a keen, pleasurable pride, mingled—only very slightly—with pity.

He certainly could not help it if Miriam Clyde loved him. He was not to blame if the gods had given him so perfect a face that every woman who saw it thrilled under its beauty. Certainly he was not obliged to cease his courtly, caressing ways, when they were as natural to him as the air he breathed. And if women would fall in love with him, would any man refuse the good the gods gave?

Certainly not Florian Cleveland, of all men, in whom, to his rare personal beauty was added such keen, fine appreciation of all the good things of this world, such indolent, happy acceptance of the homage he had learned to accept as his particular birthright. So now, he watched Miriam Clyde as her lips quivered in spite of her desperate efforts to control herself; he saw the ominous brightness in her eyes that spoke of tears none the less rebellious than they were crushed; he felt her form shiver and tremble under his touch; and then he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"I have much to thank you for, dear. You have been so good to me all this long, lonely winter, and I never shall forget it. But, you know, I cannot stay longer."

His voice was full of a tenderness that fairly maddened her; his kiss on her forehead would scorch there forever; and yet, he didn't care. To him his coming, his departure, were only so many pleasant episodes in his life; while she—oh! how could she bear it? and when that keen pang shot through her very soul, telling her it was life or death to her, then she forgot everything, save that she was a woman who loved Florian Cleveland; a woman he did not care about.

She walked up to him, then stopped so near him that he felt the warm, quick, fragrant breathings on his face.

"What did you ever come here for? Why have I been permitted to know you—with all your brilliant beauty of face, your god-like stateliness of form, your voice of perfect melody, your heart and soul and mind touched with a power, a subtle fascination that accords so perfectly with mine?"

She had utterly forgotten herself, this girl who had been all ice until Florian Cleveland had transformed her into fire. And he listened so courteously, so deprecatingly, and so triumphantly at this his latest, sweetest trophy.

"If I had never seen you! if I had never known you! if—"

Then it rushed over her with sickening force how she was committing herself, unsolicited; and the hot blood surged over her face in wave after wave.

"Child! poor child, you love me so? Do you, Miriam?"

He led her to the sofa, and leaned against the window while he looked at her, her face hidden in her hands. She did not answer, and he went on, in his low, exquisite voice:

"I am not worthy of you, dear, and, besides, you know I must go, and why. You know the duty I owe to Hildred Owen, and as her husband you will forget me and be happy. Good-bye, Miriam, dear child!"

He kissed her hot, tear-bathed fingers; she never moved a muscle, or made a sound, and he went out, away, forever.

Desolate, so desolate! so heartsick and heart-sore! this one love of her life turned back in

her face by the one who had taught her what love meant!

She sat there till the night-shadows fell. She lived a lifetime of agony in those two hours, and then, wondering vaguely how she should ever take up the burden of life again—wondering what that strange, blank sensation was that was enveloping her like a cold, gray cloud, she got slowly up from her seat, and sought the sound of a human voice.

And as days went on, and weeks, people would gaze pitying at her, and whisper confidentially to a friend—"Poor Miriam! she gets more absent-minded and melancholy every day. Do you really think she is demented?"

Weeks and months later, when she would inform every one that her wedding-dress was ready, and she was waiting for her bridegroom to come—then, it was no longer surmised, but known, that Miss Clyde was insane; and in merciful kindness they took her away, from home and its associations, to strange, new scenes.

Hildred Owen was a royally beautiful woman, with that about her, distinct, yet impalpable, that betokened her high-breeding, that plainly bespoke her one of Nature's own aristocrats.

Royally beautiful indeed, with a subtle grace in her face, independent movements that had been one of the chief charms which had won Florian Cleveland; with a tender, dainty sweetness and softness about her that were the very essence of womanliness.

She was rich—she had never known an ungratified wish since she had been old enough to express one, and yet she was unspoiled, possessing one of those lovely, amiable dispositions that are proof against the souring qualities of either too great prosperity or adversity. And, added to all the other good things Fate and Fortune had favored her with, came the crowning joy and glory of her young, fresh life—the proffered love of Florian Cleveland, the god among men who had chosen her for his own.

After their engagement, it seemed to Hildred as if this world contained no purer, higher happiness than heaven had given her; and, in the strength and worship of her love for him, she lived her life, perfectly content even when separated for a time, but united by such precious letters as only Florian Cleveland could write.

Now, after a separation of many months, they were to meet, and Hildred thought, as she sat with Florian's telegram in her hand, announcing that he would be at Lakelet House within twenty-four hours, that the very culminating point of human bliss was reached.

"I must look my best, my very best, when he comes," she thought, with a tender pride that he could find any fault with her. "I will wear my white dress, and the Roman pearls always like to see—my darling, the own spindly lover! my—"

A low, trembling cry startled her, and then, a voice in a tender, coaxing treble:

"You had better come in, dear. See—the dew is taking all your curls out."

"How can I come in, auntie, when he will expect to find me waiting for him. I have been waiting so long, haven't I?"

The pitiful pathos in the words smote Hildred to the heart. Who was coming? who was waiting? Then she heard again:

"But if you will only be down for a while, dear. He won't be here just yet, you know."

"So you always say. How can I get any rest when he doesn't come? If there was music, now, or if somebody would only sing that song I heard once!"

Almost with hushed breath, Hildred heard the voice wail a verse of a ballad she had often sung herself:

"Oh! and I cried,
Knew the grief my heart was in,
Oh, give me back my bonny lad,
None else my love can win!
Oh, give me back my bonny lad
When the flowing tide comes in!"

Then, after the low, trembling plaint ceased, came a long, long silence, and Hildred knew there was temporary rest for the sweet-voiced girl in the adjoining room, who, it was plainly evident, was not in her right mind.

Later, she learned the piteous story—the girl was insane, hopelessly so, and her one lament was for the lover who had won her, and left her.

Hildred's womanly heart was thrilled with the sad story; and that night, when she knelt beside her bed, she thanked God with overflowing heart and eyes, that she was so safe, so secure, so happy in Florian's dear love, while this other fair girl was bereft of both happiness and lover!

All that next day Hildred was unusually quiet, even in anticipation of the great happiness in store for her; even when she had attired herself in her exquisite white dress, and wound the big pearls on her throat and at her wrists—waiting for him—her pride, her idol, her darling; waiting—so hopefully, while, just in the next room, she could hear the excited, joyous burden of the girl's heart, who was also waiting—ah! for what!

"I tell you I know he is coming! I can feel it here! I knew the moment he started toward us, and I know he is nearly here. He has kept his word after all; I shall never complain because I have waited so long. There—see! didn't I tell you so?"

And close following after that shrill cry of triumph and joy Hildred heard the rush of flying feet pass her door and descend the stairs.

Then, impelled by a strange curiosity she never had experienced before, she slowly followed, fate-driven, to see Florian Cleveland standing on the veranda, and clinging around his neck, a pale, wan girl, with eyes of intense brightness lifted imploriously; and the same voice she heard in the next room speaking him.

"Florian, my darling, I knew you would come! They all said you wouldn't but I knew you loved me all the time, and would never forget me! You did kiss me when you went away, didn't you, dear? and now I am all ready if—if—"

The gentleman was pale as a ghost and glared half-guilty around, as if seeking relief from his unwelcome burden. Then an elderly lady came hurrying down stairs, past Hildred, and sternly confronted him.

"You see the work of your hands, Mr. Cleveland—although I deplore the fate that has directed you to cross this poor child's path again. Come, Miriam, dear."

But she clung closer to him, kissing his hands with an adoration unceasing touching.

"Not unless Florian goes. Come, dear, will you?" Then, seeing the sternness on his face, she gave a cry of fear.

"Don't look that way—don't be—"

And then, without a second's warning, she fled forward, to be caught in Hildred Owen's outstretched arms. Then, for the first time, Cleveland saw her and a deeper shade of horror darkened his face.

"Hildred, my dearest—"

With a superb cresting of her head she silenced him.

"Not now, Madame"—to the lady in charge of Miriam Clyde—"is there anything I can do of service to you or—her?"

Miss Amy Clyde took the girl's head tenderly off Hildred's bosom, laid her hand over the pulseless heart, then answered with a great, quiet reverence:

"Thank you—thank God! no. She has passed beyond the gates. God has been more merciful than man."

With uncovered heads they carried her to her chamber and laid her on her couch, crossed her hands over her heart that, beating, could only love Florian Cleveland; that, repulsed by him, had no alternative but to break. And thus one woman waited for his coming!

When they had gone Hildred turned to Cleveland, all her soul shivering in imperious, lightning glances from her eyes.

"How dare you call me dearest—she has died for love of you; and you—less worthy the sacrifice than of my blind infatuation! Go your ways, and let the memory of this day never leave you. Take back your ring, while I thank God all my life. I knew what I now know before it was too late."

She threw the heavy golden band off her finger and on the floor at his feet, then, with the tread and air of an empress who has dismissed a disgraced vassal, Hildred Owen withdrew herself from his presence and, all possibility of future happiness from his life. And so another woman waited for him—an unconscious Nemesis of Miriam Clyde's wrongs.

JANE.

BY FRANK DAVIES.

'Twas first beneath you towering oak
That stands beside the lane,
I felt the glow, and knew that I
Did love the gentle Jane.

I thought she was an angel
Sent to cheer my weary life;
But oh! she died and went away,
And never was my wife.

The summer days were long and bright,
The summer woods were gay,
When she departed from my sight,
And faded quite away.

Oh! she was bright and happy,
And was always at my side;
Yet, we said her in her narrow grave
Before the flowers died.

And when the summer perished, too,
Autumn winds had blown
The maple leaves she loved so well
About her low headstone,

And while the sod was fresh and dank,
The woodland songsters fair
Did perch upon the swinging boughs
And sing their favorite air.

Oh, may her ashes rest in peace
Beneath the dewy sod;
And may her fair and gentle soul
Be resting now with God.

The Phantom Train.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

You may think what you please in regard to the event I am about to describe, and I shall think what I please. Probably we should never agree. You may not believe in ghosts and phantoms, but I do. For I know that on the evening of the 17th of March, ten years ago, I was passenger on a phantom railroad train, and my fellow-passengers were not human beings like myself, but ghostly, staring ghosts.

I am an insurance agent. Besides my commission, I am paid a regular salary by a large company—the Invincible of New York—for traveling about the country, taking risks and establishing agencies. On a certain day, the 17th of March, I have just mentioned, I had found myself in the country town of Rumford, a station on one of the principal railroads running west. About the only business I accomplished there was to induce a young man, John Denham, by name, to take an agency for the town. He was an intelligent young fellow and I was especially anxious he should do it, because most of the policies in that section were issued by rival companies, and I wished to run them out, if possible.

I got well acquainted with young Denham during the day and took tea at his father's house that evening. It was only at the table I learned that the half-past seven accommodation to S—had been recently taken off and there was no other train down to the city that night. I showed so much vexation at this—for I was really very anxious to get to S—that night, having an engagement there early in the morning—that Mr. Denham, senior, finally offered to let John harness up and take me over to Burbank, a larger town four miles down the road, where he said the 11.25 express pulled up a moment. As my case was an urgent one I accepted, though I was sorry to put them to so much trouble, especially on such a dirty kind of night. It had been raining steadily for the last two days and had as yet shown no signs of clearing.

So, shortly after supper, young Denham went out to get the horse ready.

"We had better go at once," he said. "The roads are bad and I shall not get back much before eleven. You will have to wait an hour or so at Burbank, but you won't mind that."

After he had gone out the old man went to the window and stood looking out. "It's a bad night," he remarked, without turning his head, "just such a one as I remember it to have been five years ago this very month—yes, this very night, I believe. It is the 17th, is it not?"

He paused a moment, thoughtfully, and then went on. "I shall never forget it, how I lay awake in the early part of the night and heard the express go by, the whistle sounding something like some unearthly shriek of despair amid the wind and rain; and not ten minutes after the single train was lying mangled and broken at the bottom of Bullock's Creek. Hardly a soul of them got out alive. I hope never again to see such a sight as I saw the next morning when they took the bodies out. Luckily, they didn't have such big trains as they do now. And the bridge there won't be likely to wash away again. It is strong enough this time."

The old gentleman ceased speaking and came and sat down beside me at the fire. I had traveled a great deal in my life and knew something of railroad accidents, yet somehow or other, the wildness of the night and the fact that I was about to pass over this same spot gave this one of which the old man spoke unusual interest, and I asked him more particularly about the Bullock's Creek disaster.

He told me a great deal, and told it so graphically that I grew not a little nervous before he finished, and when the time came for me to don my rubber coat and take my leave, I was being hurried along with them.

To what? To death—sure, sudden, horrible death! I knew it well, even before the end came, and it came at once. I uttered a shriek of wild, uncontrollable terror. I rose, and vainly strove to reach the door. Then there was a great crash, and a falling, and a dizziness, and a shock, and then—

I awoke to consciousness again to find myself lying on my back on what seemed to be hard, smooth stone, with the rain beating in my face. It felt bruised and stunned. There was blood in my hair and on my face, and I knew that my left arm was broken. Strange to say, perhaps, though the darkness was very great, and I had never been at the place before, I knew, with a certainty amounting to conviction, just where I was. I heard the roar of angry waters below me—in the dim light, as I came to distinguish better, I could see that there were broken timbers and bent iron-work all about me. Oh, yes; I knew well enough where I was and what had happened. I was lying at the top of one of the piers of the Bullock Creek bridge, and the bridge itself

had been carried away by the swollen stream. But how had I come there? Had I turned the wrong way and wandered along the track and stepped off into the chasm? So you will say, no doubt. And